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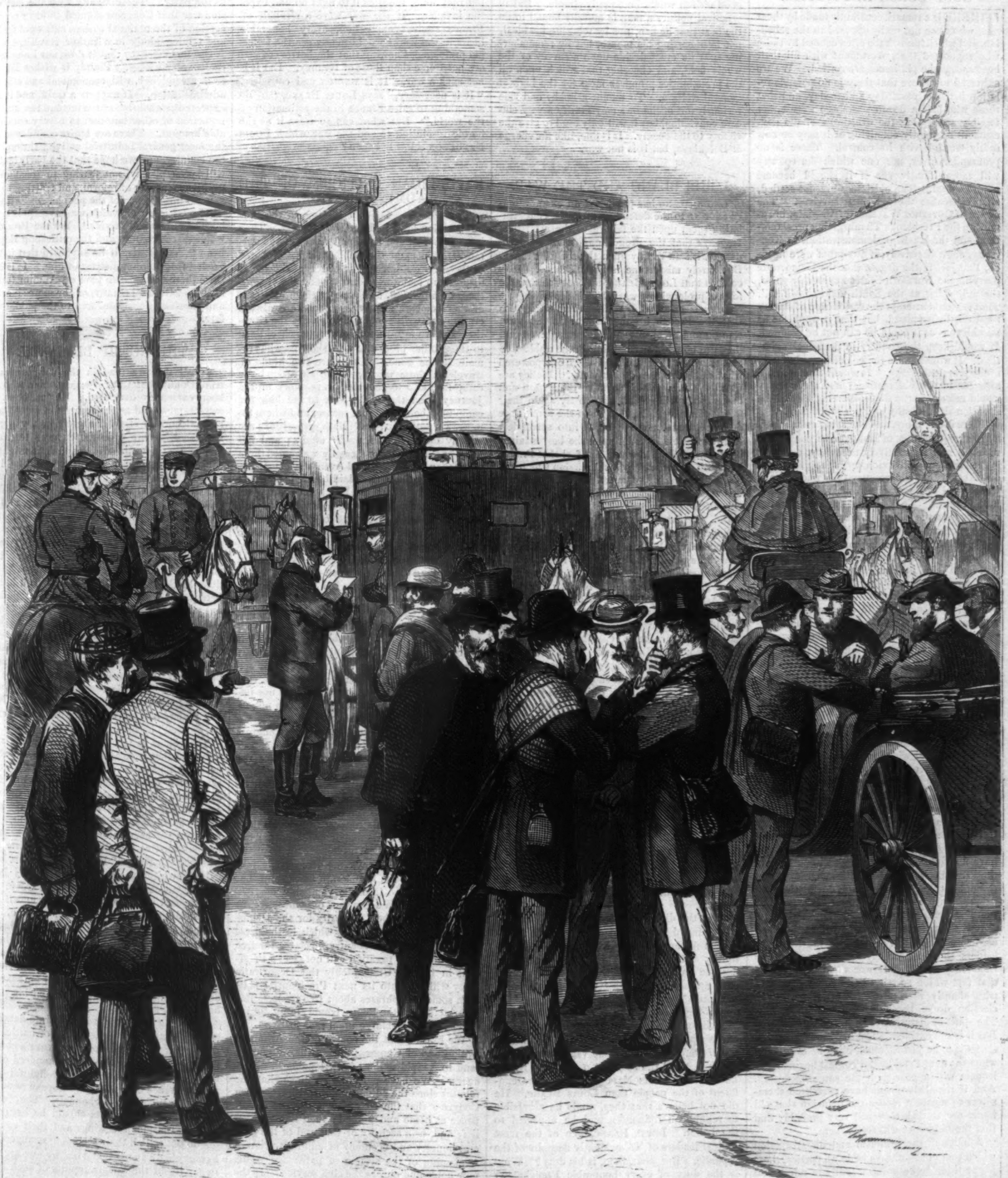

AMERICANS LEAVING PARIS.—[See Page 819.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, December 17, 1870.

☞ With this Number of Harper's Weekly is published a Supplement, containing a Half-Sheet

WAR MAP OF FRANCE,

on which are shown the chief Cities and Towns, with their Railway and other Communications, Rivers, etc.; together with a statement of the Military and Naval Resources of France, and a Table of the Principal Events of the War.

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GOOD SENSE IN POLITICS.

THERE is a remark constantly made by those who were not really opposed to the rebellion, and which is much too often echoed by those who supported the government with all their hearts, that the old issues are settled. We are exhorted to believe that there is no possible relation between yesterday and to-day, and that those who half a dozen years ago were either forcibly attempting the overthrow of the government or quietly conniving at it may be now safely trusted with its control. There is no profounder error, nor one which the country will more bitterly rue if it should become more general. The old issues are not settled, simply because the old spirit survives. The action of Governor Walker, of Virginia, in regard to the President's Thanksgiving proclamation, and the Ku-Klux demonstrations in Kentucky, show decisively, if any proof were needed, that just in the degree that the Democratic party in the Northern States apparently gains, the ugly spirit at the South makes itself felt. That it would attempt the restoration of slavery need not be supposed, but that it would be as mischievous as it could be can not be doubted. It would keep the country in perpetual agitation. It would abuse the colored population in every practicable way. It would threaten and swagger in the old manner; and the country would most seriously deplore having treated the situation theoretically and not practically.

There is one thing, and one thing only, which is the sure guarantee of that national confidence which is now imperatively necessary, and that is the constant conviction upon the part of all disaffection that the country fully understands what it did in the war, and means to secure it to the utmost. To insist that the old issues are settled, that the rebellion was suppressed five years ago, that slavery is abolished, and the reconstruction acts are law, and that, therefore, it is wise to elect Jefferson Davis to the Senate, or to take Toombs into the cabinet, or to turn over the country to a Copperhead administration, because some of its members hold certain opinions upon certain other subjects, is to trifle with the very gravest peril. Those Republicans, therefore, who, upon a theory that revenue reform is the most vital and paramount of all issues, would willingly bring in the Democratic party under cover of voting for Democratic free-traders against Republican protectionists, assume a very heavy responsibility. Suppose a representative denies the validity of the amendments, shares the Democratic hostility to the negro and hatred of the Southern Union men, and winks at the revival of the old Southern spirit of jealousy of the Union, and of the principles and tendency of the Republican party, how is he less desirable or dangerous because he may be a free-trader?

It is not a great many years since 1868, when General Grant was elected. We trust that revenue reformers, who are also Republicans, have not forgotten the scenes and speeches in the Tammany nominating conventions, and throughout the Southern States during the campaign. In prospect of the possible success of the Democratic party, which they had again proved their power to control before they had washed off the blood of the war, the Southern leaders showed precisely what they were and what they meant. It was the perception of that fact which so stirred the country, and so triumphantly elected General Grant. The election drove those leaders into their lair. The spirit of disturbance withdrew into silence. But it is not extinct. The least favorable sign shows it to be just as much alive as ever; and when the next Presidential contest begins those leaders will appear with the same battle-cry. And if the Republicans have permitted themselves to separate, under the delusion that old issues are settled, they will very probably find that the old issues will settle them.

Amidst all the criticism and dissatisfaction which there must always be in all parties, there is one thing to be borne steadily in mind, and that is, that the political alternative is very simple. If the Republicans lose power, the Democrats will take it, and what the Democratic party is every man knows. The man or the paper, therefore, that believes, notwithstanding the mistakes which the Republican party may have made, that its ascendency is desirable for the general welfare, will so criticise as not to destroy the party. If a man, however, thinks it so rotten and reactionary as to promise nothing better than the Democracy, he will naturally regard its overthrow with complacent indifference. If, on the other hand, he distrusts a party which has so defied human nature and the national conscience and common sense, and in spirit and leadership remains unchanged, he will be very careful that no word or act of his connives at so immeasurable a misfortune as a renewed Democratic control of the government. Such a man will understand that a friendly tone in censuring a mistake is more serviceable to the cause he has at heart than the most satirical jeer.

If there were no political necessities, if the most radical differences were settled by the passage of a law, if diverging tendencies were harmonized because one for a time overbears the other, if there were but one simple, single question before the country, the duty of every good citizen would be equally simple. But in practical politics a man is morally bound to do the best that he can, not by relaxing his ideal, not by muzzling his mouth, but by remembering that he must decide upon a survey of the whole field, and choosing that which upon all the probabilities promises most for the highest general welfare. To mount a hobby and ride furiously out of the line may gratify a very sincere conviction, but it will only tend to give the victory to the enemy. It is fine, like the charge at Balaklava, but it is not war.

LOUIS BLANC AND THE WAR.

Louis Blanc has published an extraordinary address to the defenders of Paris, congratulating them upon the failure of the armistice. He says that the French ought not to make peace with an enemy upon the soil of France. But surely misfortune is not dishonor. It is curious that Louis Blanc does not see that the folly of prolonging a war which is destroying the country is criminal. Without reminding him that the French began the war in the most wanton and cruel way, and assuming even that they are now bravely fighting in the noblest of causes, when they are hopelessly overpowered what can brave men do but yield? If they are forced to terms which seem to them hard and unjust, they will submit only to try again their fortune in the field. But when the armies are defeated, and Paris is starved into surrender, and then peace is made upon the best attainable terms, the world would not feel that France had been dishonored by a submission which she had vainly sought to avert. Honor does not demand the slaughter of a people and the total ruin of a country. That is the sheerest bravado. It is not the part of a sincere, but of a melodramatic patriotism.

But Louis Blanc goes further. He says that there need be no regret that the Assembly was not summoned; that France has a republican government, which is best for her; that the Assembly would be probably accessible to monarchical influences, and that its decisions would produce new commotions. Louis Blanc says that France has a republican government, but is not republican. He, an extreme republican, declares that it is better in this perilous crisis that the people should not be consulted, and in the very hour which tries the quality of a republic proclaims that the republican principle can not be trusted. His address merely confirms the suspicion that the Committee of Defense refused the armistice because it feared that the people would decide against it. Will M. Louis Blanc explain how a republican government is best for a country which is not republican? Can he comprehend the disastrous effect upon the prospects of a republic in France of his saying, what every despot always urges as a reason for dissolving a free parliament, that its discussions and decisions would produce new commotions? Even Guizot, whom M. Louis Blanc would not accept as a model, would hardly have said any thing so essentially reactionary.

If in the dire extremity in which France is now plunged in consequence of a personal despotic rule, and under the influence of an authority calling itself republican, and conducting the national defense, the country should elect an assembly which "would be accessible to monarchical influence," upon what republican principles can Louis Blanc declare that republican rule is the best for France? His address justifies the *coup d'état* of the Committee of Defense by the same vague assumption which justified the *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon. But Louis Napoleon was more confident of the people than Louis Blanc. He did not believe that they would be accessible to republican influences, and he appealed to the ballot. Louis Blanc, one of the most radical leaders of '48, evidently despairs of the republic. But what, then, is his duty? What is the duty of every honorable Frenchman? Certainly it is not to maintain an authority which has not the popular confidence. If Louis Blanc thinks that a self-appointed committee is the best government for the country, without regard to the preference of the people, let him sustain that; but let him not call himself a republican.

This address is but another illustration of the actual situation in France, of that utter want of confidence in any body or any thing which explains the deplorable spectacle of a great nation crumbling to destruction. It is hard to see what advantage the country could gain even from a great victory. Nobody in France seems to comprehend the situation, or nobody dares to describe it, and invite the country to acquiesce. The horrible suffering and slaughter continue. Every day multiplies the misery. The voice of reason is silent. No peace, cries Louis Blanc, while the enemy is on our soil! It is one of the saddest events in history. The Government of a great nation wickedly begins a war. The nation supports it. The fortune of war turns against the aggressor. The nation by acquiescence repudiates the Government only to carry on the war more stringently. Still fortune is against it. The war which it began pinches it more and more sorely, and it will hear of nothing but that honor requires it to fight on and expel the invader. If the war were a struggle of France against oppression, every honorable heart in the world would gladly see the struggle prolonged, knowing that the horrors of war are not worse than those of tyranny. But it is not such a war. It is wanton and causeless. "It is necessary," says Louis Blanc, "to do something to raise France in the estimation of the world." But what can so raise it as the heroic resolution to end the war which Louis Napoleon selfishly began?

REPUBLICAN CRITICISM OF THE ADMINISTRATION.

The free Republican criticisms of the Administration have had one signal effect. They have demonstrated the hearty hold of the Administration upon the public mind. Not one of those critics, except the Chicago *Tribune*, is disposed to look for reform beyond the Republican organization, and none of them expect it of the Democratic party. There are always orators and writers enough to glorify the situation, and we are, therefore, very much obliged to those other observers who show us what remains to be done. There are two kinds of travelers: those who prefer to sit around the camp-fire, and to tell the brave story of the journey; and those who look to see how the camp may be made more secure, and where to-morrow's path must be. Both dispositions are equally observable in public affairs; and nobody should be more heartily welcomed by a party than the critic, and even the grumbler. The old king had a skull laid beside his plate at the banquet. If the old Democratic party had encouraged criticism instead of servility, it would have been much wiser, and of a much longer life. It is a great mistake to try to imitate the Democratic method in the Republican organization. There are a thousand reasons why it could not be done. There is one all-sufficient reason why it should not be done. It would destroy the party.

Since the election, which has shown, despite every degree of jealousy, discontent, and serious difference, that the Republican ascendency is virtually unshaken, two things become clearer. First, a general feeling that the President will be renominated by the party; and second, that harmony upon every essential point is not impracticable. Entire harmony there can not, of course, be. We, for instance, who advocate a civil service reform do not expect that Congress will at once pass a law which will wholly satisfy all our wishes. But we do expect to see the sentiment of the party more and more definitely declared for that reform, and we certainly do not expect it from any other possible party. So the protectionists and the free-traders, or revenue reformers, will not expect to have all their views embodied in the policy of the party; but each may justly expect a concession from the other. The *World* says that free trade is a motto nailed to the Democratic mast, and that the party will go into the campaign of 1872 with that cry. We can not, of course, regard the *World* as the best authority for the Democratic policy; but any party which, in the present condition of the country, declares for free trade and direct taxation will not elect a President in 1872. Undoubtedly the Democratic party will put into its next Presidential platform some fine phrases about free trade. But its orators upon the Pennsylvania stump, for instance, will not enlarge upon that plank.

We expect that the course of the Administration and of Congress during the winter will tend to a rapid union of all Republican differences. We have a right to believe that the months since the adjournment will have shown Congress that the country wishes, first of all, peace at home and abroad; then financial relief; and, as a security of that and of the general honesty and economy of administration, a weakening of the system of patronage which now holds and abuses the civil service. In the State of New York there is, and has been for some time, a deplorable difference in the Republican party. It is in every way humiliating and harmful. But it can not be healed until its cause is removed. And that cause is not a person but a system. It is patronage which is responsible for the discord of the party. If the Senators and Representatives of New York could truly say with Mr. Mundella that they had not the slightest personal influence in the appointment of the least officer in the civil service, and the same were true of the local and State Representatives, the party would be entirely harmonious; and we might say of any of our various departments as Mr. Mundella said of the Post-office in England, that it was the most efficient and economical institution in the country. The New York difference can be reconciled if Congress will thus lead the way.

Financial relief can be, and we have no doubt will be, found in a policy of reducing internal taxation to a few luxuries, and in adjusting the tariff to a revenue standard, while the burden of the debt is removed from this generation. That this is the settled wish of the country there can be no doubt. Nor is there any question that a tranquil and efficient session devoted to easing the public burdens, rather than to Buncombe eloquence, would be most advantageous to the party. The difficulty with the last session was that Congress seemed to have no perception of the national wishes, and went feeling and talking along in a rather resultless way. It can no longer say that it does not know what the country wishes. Plainly it wishes Republican ascendency, with economical and efficient administration. It expects a tariff, and it also expects the abolition of the income tax and the reduction of other taxation to a very considerable amount. There are entire confidence and the most general industrial activity throughout the country, and we hope that the party leaders will speak plainly, not fearing to recommend positive measures of reform, and trusting to the general intelligence of the people.

The criticism of which we have spoken has been of undoubted service. Yet the President would do the country and the criticising Republican press injustice if he supposed that it proceeded from serious distrust of him. It is long since there has been so pure an Administration as that of General Grant, or one more sincerely and unostentatiously devoted to the public welfare.

THE GOSSIP BISMARCK.

If all that we read in the newspapers be true, Count Bismarck is a gentleman who has been extremely overrated. He has been always represented as the astutest of statesmen; and in the very crisis of a great war, while he and the King are upon the enemy's territory, and under the walls of his capital, it might be supposed that a great statesman would hold his tongue. Possibly a great statesman would; but it seems that Count Bismarck dribbles talk about his relations with the King, and his dissatisfaction with the course of events, and his general disappointment, and the great objects of his policy, knowing that he is "interviewed" for the purpose of publication. How was such a gossip ever able to do what he has done in Germany? It is shameful in him to betray the discord in the German councils to an unsympathizing world. It is disgraceful that he should tell us that his advice has been disregarded, and that nothing is done as he wishes it to be done. That he does tell us can not be doubted, for it is printed in a newspaper that "a correspondent"—and since the days of the "reliable contraband," who doubts "a correspondent?"—has conversed with Count Bismarck, and gives us "almost the exact words used" by him.

The report is to be received with the more attention that it comes through the same channel which gave us all the details of Marshal Bazaine's celebrated triumphal escape from Metz, and other wonderful events of the war, especially the panic at Versailles, and the royal trunks hastily packed for flight by night. We have not yet been informed whether the panic has subsided at the German head-quarters, or whether the King of Prussia still sleeps in his helmet, with his traveling-bag in his hand. And if "a correspondent" did see Count Bismarck, and if he did talk to him, and if Bismarck did answer him, is there, we should like to know, the least reason for supposing that the guileless statesman ever chaffed a fellow-being, or blew him up with wind like an India-rubber cushion with a self-moving valve which shut in the valuable breath until it could be squeezed out in a faint wheeze over an admiring public beyond the sea?

Since the prolonged and elaborate details of escapes that were never made, of battles that were never fought, of Gortschakoff's note before it was delivered, and of a hundred events that never occurred, there is a delightful air of utter romance over all the European news that comes through certain channels. The "enterprise" of correspondents should be better advised. Inasmuch as kings and their counselors do not tell all their secrets to strangers, and as every body knows it and laughs—we are sorry to say it—at the solemn reports of such tattle, why should not enterprise address itself in more promising directions? We have recently had the most confidential communications upon our own public affairs from Mr. Sumner's trunks, and we are sure that Count Bismarck's boots would be very willing to give a pleasing turn to an interviewer. Or "enterprise" might lay an ambush for his valet—the next friend, in a certain sense, of the statesman. The public would believe much more readily that they were reading "almost the exact words" of Bismarck's body-servant than of Bismarck himself.

It is a pity if money is paid for sending such stories over the ocean, because a much better article of news, as the dealers say, could be made to order upon this side of the Atlantic. Yankees are equal to the most desperate guessing, and will give odds to any European. But we have forgotten the most exquisite stroke in the Bismarck business. It was that the organ of the correspondent who brought the proud premier to confession commiserates another correspondent that, by an abortive effort to force himself upon a club of gentlemen, he has lost the opportunity of publishing their conversation.

SELF-RESPECT OF THE PRESS.

The newspaper press, however powerful, will never have its rightful influence so long as it is not respected by its own members. The growing disposition to identify articles with their supposed writers, and to measure the force of an argument by a feeling toward the person who urges it, is fatal to the best power of the press. The advantage of the anonymous article is that it is judged wholly by its merits, and not by the reputation of its author. Every word is undoubtedly stronger, as Emerson says, when it has a man behind it. But he is not speaking of arguments addressed solely to the reason, in which all personality is impertinent and prejudicial. A man may be of notoriously poor judgment, yet his views of any particular subject may be sound, and his reasons in a certain case unanswerable. It would be a great injustice to the truth in such a case to turn his argument by a gibe at himself. And certainly newspaper writers themselves ought to guard the advantages of their position, as society is interested in insisting that, so far as practicable, public questions shall be considered upon their merits. This is generally impracticable. But the anonymous newspaper makes it feasible.

The identification of a great paper with a single person injures the press at large by making it appear to be a mere speaking trumpet in the hand of a man who may be of no character or weight. But the fact is, that a great paper is really the work of many men, each contributing a special talent. Indeed, the most conspicuous of daily papers hitherto, the London *Times*, is the result of the labors of the most accomplished men in the kingdom upon various subjects, marshaled under the editor, who does not write. Our own system is different. The responsible editor is very often the writer of the more important articles in the journal. But he is entitled to the courtesy of the anonymous form, unless he chooses to relinquish it, and it is a curious want of a high *esprit de corps* which deprives him of it. The public, of course, regard the exposure of the personality of one newspaper writer by another as a surrender of the argument by the last. If you feel that you can show a man's argument to be weak, you will certainly not accuse him personally of being a coxcomb, because coxcombry is not in discussion, and because, even if he be a coxcomb, his argument may be sound.

So to desert the argument, to sneer at an opponent as a foreigner, is to condemn your own side. We have seen a journal taunted in its discussion of public questions in this country upon the ground that its editor was an Englishman. What had that to do with the subject under debate? It did not follow that the articles were written by the editor; and if they were, it certainly was not to be assumed that they were unintelligent because of the nativity of the writer. The best political survey of this country was made by a Frenchman; and it would not be easy to find a fuller and more truthful statement of the political and social situation which ended in the war than "The Slave Power" of the English Professor Cairnes. The character and power of the press are in the hands of "newspaper men." If they can not see that they hurt the system of which they are parts when they personally sneer at supposed writers, or when they insist upon treating the views of a journal as those of an individual, the American press must yet wait for its more honorable development. Little Pedlington, according to its guide-book, was the most remarkable place in its own or any other country; but somehow the little Pedlingtonians were always ridiculous.

AMERICA AND ENGLAND.

We are told by those who were present that General Butler's speech in Boston was received in expressive silence, except from a part of the hall where there was evidently a group of his supporters. It has certainly failed to have the least effect upon the country, and it shows how little hold the General has of the popular heart. This is all the more striking because the feeling of hostility toward England is too deep and extended to be disregarded. There are thousands of intelligent men—much too intelligent for such dispositions—who eagerly watched the Russian question from the first, with a hope that England might be involved in war, and that we could seize an opportunity of revenge for our *Alabama* and other losses during the rebellion. But just as surely as every gun of the *Alabama* was trained upon English liberty and civilization, just so surely would the spirit of which we speak react upon America. A nation can not indulge evil passions with more impunity than an individual; and political morality is as essential to the peace of nations as personal morality to that of domestic society.

The intelligent Englishman who comes to this country and acquaints himself with public feeling is surprised to find, with all the personal kindness shown him, a deep sense of injury. And the party in England which most dreads a war policy must ask itself with some uneasiness whether England has a friend. A more terrible and humiliating question no nation could ask itself. Nor is it sentimental merely. The sympathy which universally saluted Germany at the beginning of the present war has been a most significant moral support of the German arms. Could England, under any circumstances which might compel her to war, expect hearty sympathy from public sentiment in any country? And if not, what is the reason? Is it not that her attitude toward the whole world has been too much what that of English captains upon their quarter-decks used to be toward the sailors upon other ships—the attitude of the despotic mistress of the seas? Yet this position has been officially given to England—for, of course, its root is in the nature of the race to which we belong—by the spirit which has been and is now steadily opposed by the real liberals in England. And all who sincerely desire the advance of civilization, which depends upon international good sense and honorable understanding, will bear steadily in mind the fact that there are two spirits in England, as here, contesting the mastery.

The better spirit constantly advances; and what has any thing which is truly American to gain by the overthrow of England? Beneath all jealousies and hatreds there is the controlling consciousness that we are essentially the same race—in the same line of civilization, with the same great civil traditions and institutions, the right and the left hand of constitutional liberty—to-day; and under the inspiration of our maintenance and purification of the Union, the better England, which believed and trusted us, and which held the hand of British Toryism and commercial greed throughout our war, is in power. The sympathy between the countries ought now to be closer than ever. An American can do nothing so unpatriotic and so unmanly as to join in an unreasoning and reckless cry against England. Of course we believe this to be the favorable moment for the formal settlement of our difficulties; and they would begin under the most promising auspices if England would propose the settlement. Nothing helps a government more than magnanimity. That is conceded in many points, as in the treatment of political offenders, but it is equally true of its whole action. Both countries want a peaceful feeling as well as the form of peace.

NOTES.

The popular lecture system has now become so extended in the country that the Lyceum Bureau is found to be essential. It is an institution which saves a great deal of labor both to the speaker and to the Lyceum Committee. The lecturer puts himself into the hands of the Bureau for a certain time, naming his conditions, and all the correspondence is managed, without further trouble to him, by an authority which is familiar with distances, routes, and all necessary details. It is a system which, like every thing else, can be abused, but its uses are very evident. The chief of these bureaus hitherto have been Mr. Redpath's in Boston, and the American Literary Bureau in New York. But Mr. O. Sackett, of Kansas City, Missouri, has established the Western Lyceum Bureau, and has many very popular names upon his list. The advantages of such a bureau to any lecturer who proposes a Western tour are obvious.

A correspondent in Jefferson City, Missouri, assures us that it is a mistake to suppose that "revenue reform" was the occasion of the split in the Republican party. The Convention of September 2 divided upon the question of enfranchising the late rebels. Many Republicans favored universal suffrage upon principle, and most of the Democrats from interest; and they united in support of Mr. Brown. That gentleman is a disciple of Mr. Benton's upon the tariff question; but in the estimation of our correspondent not ten thousand of the hundred thousand who voted for him were influenced by sympathy with his views upon the tariff. Thus in the fifth Congressional district, while Mr. Brown received more than two thousand majority, Mr. Burdett, a protectionist, was returned to Congress. Our correspondent is familiar with the situation, and his statement is undoubtedly correct. But the result of the election, as interpreted by Mr. Brown in his serenade speech, is the restoration of Democratic ascendency. We shall, however, be very glad to find that we are mistaken.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Captain C. F. Hall, the celebrated Arctic traveler, who, as is well known, received a grant from Congress at the last session of fifty thousand dollars for polar exploration, is now engaged in examining several screw propellers, with the view of selecting one for use in his forthcoming expedition. His choice seems likely to fall upon a vessel belonging to the government, now at the Washington Navy-yard, one of great strength, and built expressly for an ice-boat on the Delaware, and apparently capable of adaptation for the purpose in view. The captain expects to start on his journey as early in the coming spring as the season will permit.

Dr. Petermann (the geographer), of Gotha, announces some interesting results of various recent polar expeditions. In a late article he gives us a short summary of the German expedition to East Greenland, consisting of the steamer *Germania* and tender *Hansa*, which reached the latitude of 75° 31′, the party penetrating to 77° 1′ on sledges. The most important geographical result seems to have been the discovery of a fiord extending deep into the interior of Greenland, and up which the *Germania* steamed for many miles. A snow-capped mountain, rivaling Mont Blanc in height, was also met with. The accessibility of East Greenland was considered to be perfectly well established by the discovery of Henry Hudson in 1607, and by visits made since then by Scoresby, Clavering, and Sabine prior to that of the *Germania*.

Of the expedition under Von Heuglin and Count Zeil to Eastern Spitzbergen, which they explored from 77° to 79° of latitude, mostly in row-boats, the most important result was the discovery of an extended main land about thirty-six nautical miles eastward of Spitzbergen, and extending at least sixty miles from north to south, being marked by numerous sharp-pointed peaks. This, if continuous with Gillis Land, was believed to be at least equal in magnitude to Spitzbergen. This discovery is considered by Dr. Petermann to be one of the most important results of polar investigations for many years. Numerous important collections were made by Von Heuglin, including many fossil plants and rare birds. Additional facts might have been ascertained but that Count Zeil, learning of the war in Europe, in the month of September hastened to return to Stuttgart to rejoin his regiment in France.

Another expedition was that of the royal Russian corvette *Warjaeg*, which was accompanied by Von Middendorf, and which made many interesting investigations in the Polar Sea, between Nova Zembla and Iceland. The interesting fact was ascertained that the Gulf Stream, as far as Nova Zembla, possessed the very unexpectedly high temperature of 54½° Fahr.

Besides these more important explorations referred to by Dr. Petermann, he mentions that about sixty Norwegian vessels visited the eastern half of the Polar Sea in pursuit of whales, exploring the whole region to the westward, eastward, and northward of Nova Zembla and the Kara Sea. During the past year this sea was found perfectly navigable in the height of summer; and Captain Johannesen, who the year before had skirted its entire shores in a sail-boat of about thirty tons, during last summer passed completely around Nova Zembla, and discovered that it extends much further to the north than is generally indicated on the maps, namely, to 77° 81′ north latitude. He found there Norwegian glass bottles, from which, for the first time, the existence of the Gulf Stream on this distant coast was established, as the region has not been visited by any intelligent seamen since the time of the Dutchman Barentz in 1594. In view of the facts thus adduced, Dr. Petermann thinks, with justice, that the knowledge of the polar region has been materially furthered during the past year, as extended strips of the coasts of East Greenland, East Spitzbergen, and of Eastern and Northern Nova Zembla have been visited, and remote parts of the sea, which have hitherto been considered as filled with eternal and solid ice, have been shown to be navigable. At the date of his communication no information had been received by Dr. Petermann from the Swedish expeditions to West Greenland and to Spitzbergen, their results, as well as those of various Norwegian explorations in the north, being awaited with much interest.

It is known to many of our readers that Congress, during the last session, made an appropriation of fifty thousand dollars, in addition to a preliminary one of fifteen thousand, for the purpose of having observations made of the weather, to be communicated by telegraph to the principal stations on the sea-coast and the lakes, with the view of furnishing indications of the approach of storms. The matter was placed in the charge of the War Department, and intrusted by the Secretary to the Signal Corps; and several months were occupied by General Myer, the head of the corps, in selecting and training observers, and in dispatching them to their positions, as well as in organizing the general details of the service. About the 1st of November the machinery was put into practical working order; and since that time reports have been received three times a day, and furnished to such newspapers as desired them. We have every reason to believe that this series of observations is destined to be of signal benefit to the country from its warning of impending storms.

An expedition, under the direction of Lieutenant Wheeler, of the United States Engineers, has recently left San Francisco for the purpose of exploring and surveying portions of Nevada and Northern Arizona, with the view of determining their topographical and geological features. One object of the exploration is to ascertain more particularly the character of the great cañon of the Colorado. The expedition is accompanied by a good practical geologist and a naturalist, and will, no doubt, by means of the collections and surveys, add materially to our knowledge of the country.

The Russian government, it appears, is about following the example of some other nations in establishing a complete system for meteorological observation throughout the empire. It is proposed to divide the empire into separate districts, with a central observatory, furnished with self-recording instruments, in each. Three such establishments are now in existence, at St. Petersburg, Helsingfors, and Tiflis. Tashkend is to be the central station for Turkistan. These institutions are to be quite independent of each other, each being surrounded with its own auxiliary stations, and publishing its own results.

Visitors to the Dublin Zoological Gardens have been much interested in some living specimens of the eyeless fish found in the Mammoth Cave, recently carried there, and now in perfect health. The small specimens are so transparent that the vertebral column, the heart, and optic bulbs may be distinctly seen. In the largest there are dark red spots over the optic bulbs, which, it is suggested, are due to their having been kept in an iron tank, which may have given color to a rudimentary pigment of the membrane.

Many of our colleges have Natural History Societies connected with them, established by some enthusiastic professor or student, but not retaining their vitality for more than a few years. To this Williams College, however, furnishes an honorable exception, its Lyceum of Natural History having been in active operation for quite a long period of time, and continually exhibiting evidences of growth. Every few years a party is organized and sent out for exploration in some region not represented in its museum; and in the list of places visited on these occasions may be named Florida, Labrador, Greenland, Venezuela, Ecuador, etc. We are glad to learn that a new expedition has just started, consisting of five members of the present Senior Class, which expects to do good work in investigating the natural history of Balize and Honduras. Their stay will probably cover a period of several months, and the members of the party expect to return at a sufficiently early period during the coming spring to take part in the graduating exercises of their class.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE SITUATION IN FRANCE.

On Wednesday, November 30, a sortie was made from Paris under General Ducrot against the Würtemberg Division on the east. It resulted in leaving the French in possession of the villages about Brie-sur-Marne. At one time the French formed a line to the right and left of Ormesson, from which they were finally driven back with heavy loss. Had not the Würtembergers been very steady while retiring before the French attack, the line of investment might have been broken. As it is, the French have gained a strong foothold on the peninsula of the Marne.

There was a very hard fight on the same day north of St. Denis, where the French attacked the Fourth Prussian Corps. The attack was repulsed with heavy loss on both sides.

On the 2d of December the Germans made a desperate attempt to drive Ducrot's army, which held all the villages on the east bank of the Marne from Noisy-le-Grand to Ormesson, back across the river. Ducrot withdrew within the peninsula formed by the curve of the Marne directly opposite the Bois de Vincennes, thus covering his flanks by the stream. As the Germans advanced to the attack they were met by a terrible fire from the forts of Nogent and Rosny and the redoubt Avron. The German troops wavered for a moment, but were soon rallied by their officers, who were themselves shot down in great numbers by French sharp-shooters. The first brigade of the second division of the Saxon troops lost all its officers.

At noon a large column of fresh troops from Paris crossed the bridge near Brie, and drove the Germans some distance. At three o'clock the firing ceased, the French returning to near the east bank of the Marne, and not recrossing it, but holding all the bridges. The losses on both sides were heavy. The German losses were the greatest on account of their sustaining the fire of the forts, and attacking the French in their chosen position.

The advance of the Army of the Loire, which was intended to make a co-operative movement, has been checked by large masses of German troops concentrated between Pithiviers, Arthenay, and Augerville.

The Prussians are said to be massing at Etampes, thirty miles south of Paris, to prevent the advance of General Paladines. Here, according to the London *Times* correspondent, the French, numbering 50,000, attacked the Prussians on the 2d inst., but were repulsed, with heavy loss.

The Germans have evacuated Amiens. They blew up the bridge between Albert and Acheux to protect their retreat, and General Manteuffel is believed to have abandoned his movement northward, and to be marching toward Paris.

GENERAL FOREIGN ITEMS.

The Russian question remains unchanged. English journals consider the situation critical.

According to a London telegram, the Suez Canal is to come under English control, and a company will be formed, with the Duke of Sutherland, probably, as chairman.

New gold discoveries are reported in Mexico, about seventy miles from Chihuahua. A rich placer has been opened by one Don Pedro Gonzales.

General De Rodas has resigned his position as Captain-General of Cuba, and is succeeded by General Valmaseda.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The third session of the Forty-first Congress began December 5.

The public debt of the United States was decreased during the last month $7,475,860 90, and since the 1st of March $104,019,982 52. The decrease of the bonded debt alone, from March 11, 1869, to November 11, 1870, amounted to $182,942,787.

The official returns received at the office of the Secretary of State at Albany show that at the late election in this State Hoffman received 399,490 votes for Governor, and Woodford 366,428.

It is stated that a movement is on foot for the annexation of the Mexican State of Sonora to the Territory of Arizona.

The Commissioner of Agriculture has received over four hundred varieties of apples from the Imperial Botanical Garden of St. Petersburg.

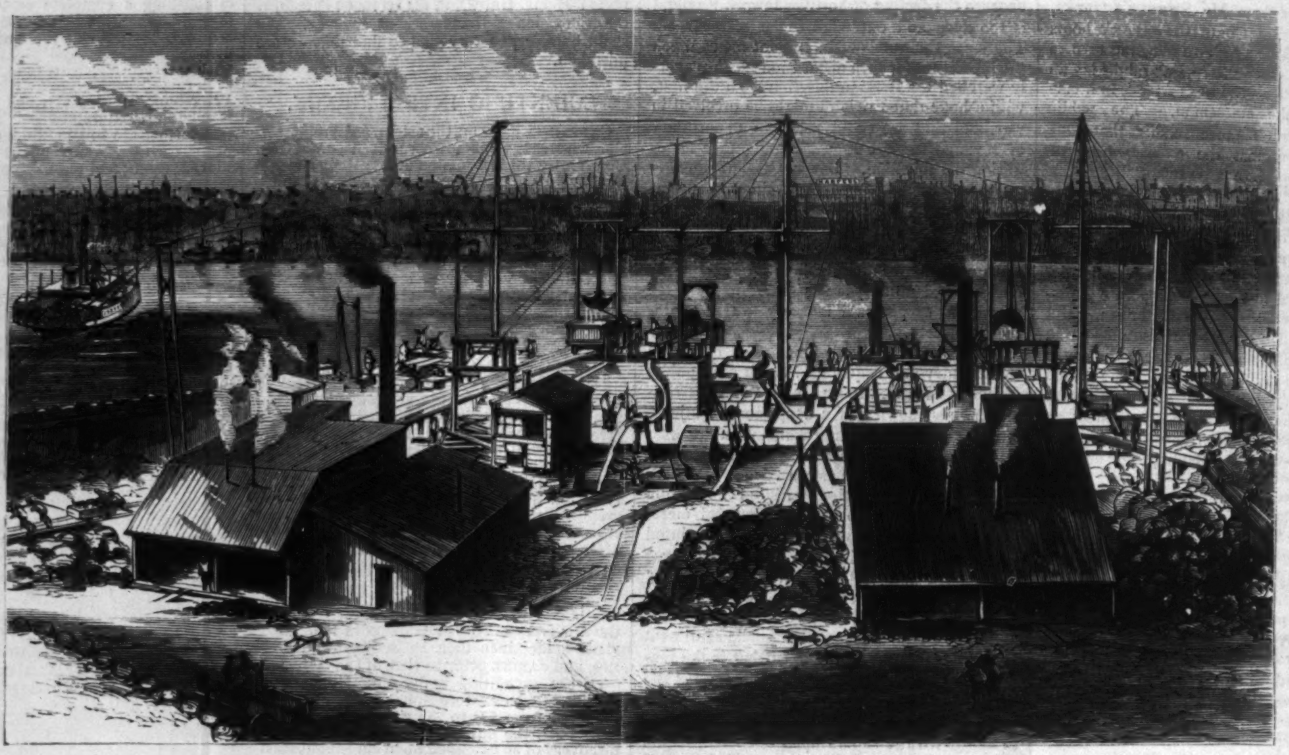
A white man who was recently fined by the Recorder of Memphis, Tennessee, for living with a negro woman, whom he alleges to be his wife, has brought a suit against the city, putting his damages at $25,000.

The Attorney-General of Maryland is of opinion that the laws of that State distinctly forbid shooting water-fowl bedded in flocks from any kind of craft or booby blind, at a greater distance than one hundred yards from the natural shore.

Clark County, Kentucky, has lately been the scene of several shocking murders. The latest case was that of a wealthy old man, at New Washington, who had been in the habit of living alone, and keeping a considerable amount of money always on hand. The law-abiding citizens are considerably excited over the matter, and seriously contemplate the organization of a vigilance committee.

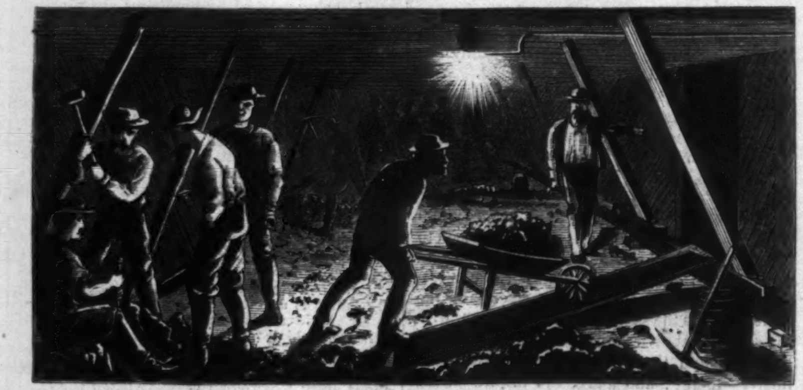
THE EAST RIVER BRIDGE.

On this page we give several views of the Brooklyn caisson of the East River Bridge, which a few days since narrowly escaped destruction by fire. The interior of the caisson is divided into chambers by temporary partitions of planking calked with oakum. It was in one of these partitions that the fire occurred. It originated from the blaze of a candle held too near the partition by a workman. Once kindled, the fire was driven by the immense force of the compressed air within the caisson with such rapidity as to defy all ordinary methods of extinguishment; and it was not until the interior was flooded with water that the engineers of the work felt satisfied that they had effectually subdued the mischievous element. It is thought that the injury to the caisson can be fully repaired at a very slight expense.

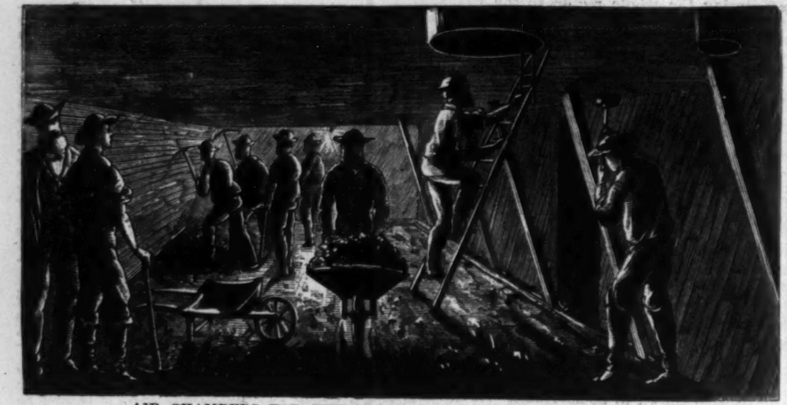


THE BROOKLYN PIER—GENERAL VIEW OF FOUNDATION.

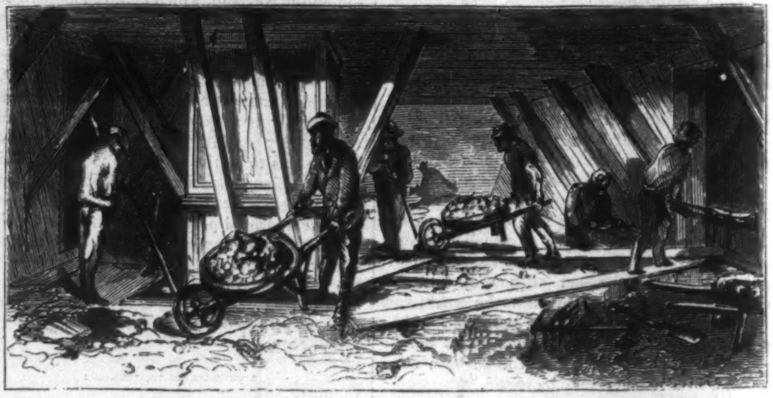
The caisson, as our readers will see from the sectional view, is an immense wooden box, without bottom, covering a space of 102 by 168 feet, or about three-eighths of an acre of ground—nearly seven city lots. Its present height is 24 feet 6 inches. The roof is of solid timber 15 feet thick (except that the upper ten courses have narrow spaces filled with concrete, to increase the weight). The sides of the air chamber are V shaped, and are of solid timbers bolted very firmly together. The lower edge is heavily shod with iron. This V is 9 feet 6 inches high, 8 inches thick at the bottom, and 9 feet thick at the top. The timber joints, from the edge to the top of the fifth roof course, are thoroughly calked and pitched. Between the fourth and fifth roof courses is a sheet of tin, which is continued down the sides underneath the outside sheathing; this is intended to prevent all escape of air from the inside.



WORKING BENEATH SHOE OR EDGE OF CAISSON.



AIR CHAMBERS FOR THE INGRESS AND EGRESS OF WORKMEN.



SENDING UP DÉBRIS THROUGH THE WATER SHAFT.

The air or working chamber is divided by massive timber trusses or frames into six rooms, in each of which fifteen to twenty men are employed. Some are drilling the immense boulders preparatory to blasting, others pulling stone from the trenches by means of tackle; gangs of men are wheeling material that has been excavated and dumping it into the pools under the water-shafts, and here others are constantly shoving the material under the shafts, from whence it is taken by the dredging buckets.

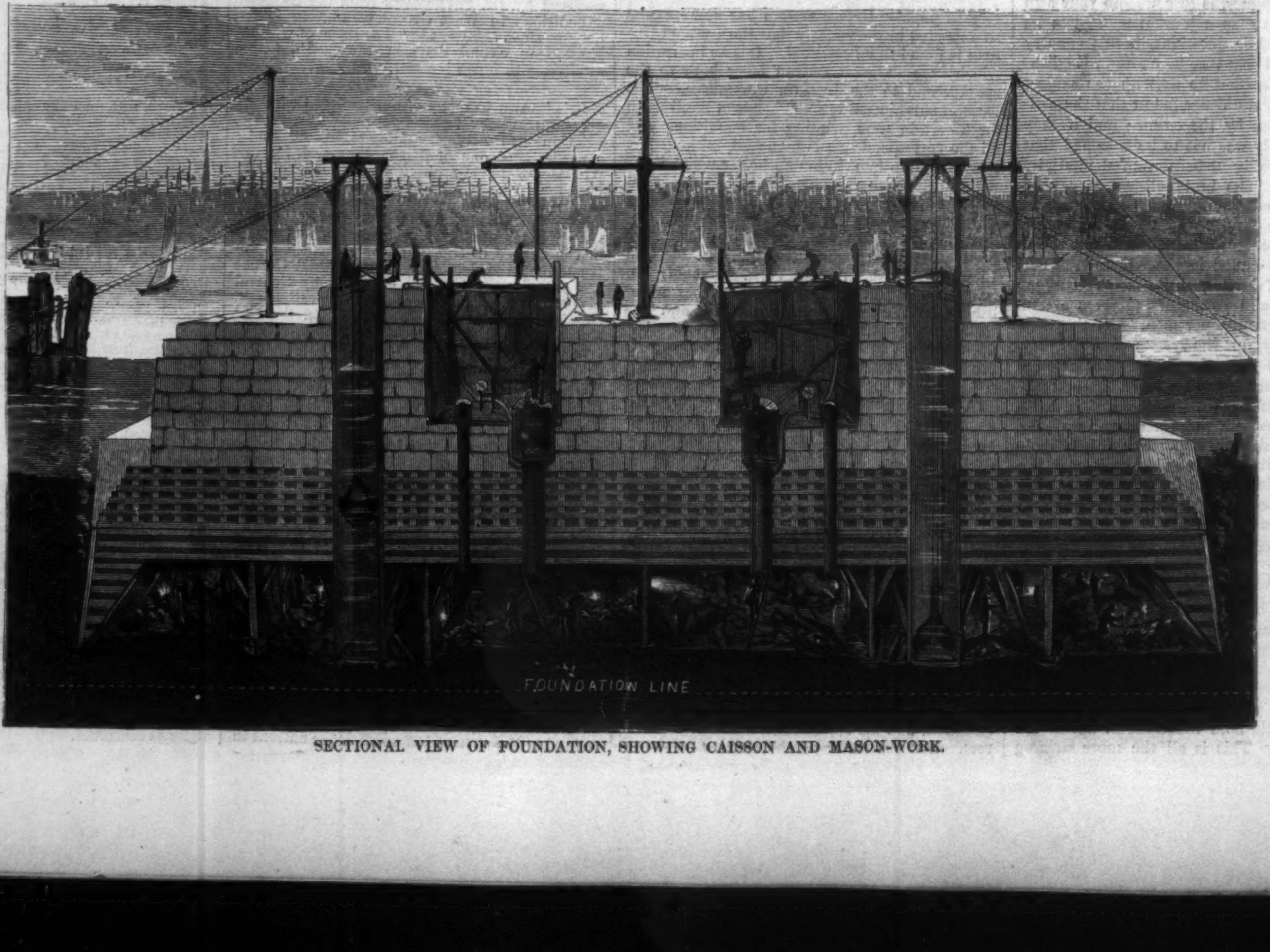
The interior is lighted by fourteen calcium lights; the gas being led into the caisson through pipes connected with receivers placed outside.

The caisson is supported mainly by blocks placed 12 feet apart in the trenches, and wedged tightly up to the frames, and the lowering is effected by clearing material from under the V, and in taking out the blocking and replacing it at a little lower level. The movement downward is imperceptible, but it goes on steadily at an average rate of three inches per day.

The water or excavating shafts are essentially barometers, which measure accurately the pressure of air in the caisson. The shaft is the barometer tube, but is filled with water instead of mercury, and the pool at the bottom is the cistern. Every pound above the atmospheric pressure (which is, of course, bearing on *top* of the column) forces the water a little more than two feet higher in this tube. At the present time the pressure inside is 12 to 15 pounds in excess, and the water column is therefore 27 to 34 feet high.

The two smallest shafts shown in the sectional view, called supply shafts, are for the purpose of passing cement, sand, and gravel *into* the caisson, after the excavation is completed. The whole interior space will then be filled with concrete, made from these materials, forming one massive stone.

The two remaining shafts are the air shafts, through which the laborers descend by ladders to the chamber below. The enlarged cylinders at the top are the air locks, and it is in these that the change of pressure is experienced in either ascending or descending. In changing the gangs about twenty men enter each lock at one time, and the time occupied in shifting the entire force is less than half an hour. One of the air pipes from the compressors enters one of these shafts, and the other one of the *supply* shafts.



SECTIONAL VIEW OF FOUNDATION, SHOWING CAISSON AND MASON-WORK.

The spaces left around the shafts are inclosed by coffer-dams, to prevent water entering from without through the masonry. There are now 18 feet of masonry completed. It is of massive blocks of limestone and granite, weighing from one and a half to six tons each. The arrangement of derricks and railway track is so complete that it is not an uncommon thing to unload and set twenty of these blocks in an hour.

There were used in the construction of the caisson over 3,000,000 feet, board measure, of yellow pine timber, and about 35 miles of bolts.

THE LAND OF NOD.

THE dozing warder by the half-shut gate
Rests his dull head and dreams of dinner-time;
All round that portal, where mute phantoms wait,
Bloom the gay flowers of Oriental clime;
And from far off there comes the sleepy chime
Of silver bells from a blue mountain height;
The only sound besides, the measured rhyme
Of a near fountain dripping drops of light—
Pleasant dream-region of the Sybarite!

And often in the sleepy afternoon
Rolls down half lazily among the flowers
The velvet peach, King Summer's princely boon.
Ripened by yesterday's last sunny showers,
It shakes the bee from the hollyhock towers;
But soon, like babe that frets itself to rest,
Sleep doth revisit it in its sweet bowers,
Rocked into slumber on its mother's breast,
Until the sun turns crimson in the west.

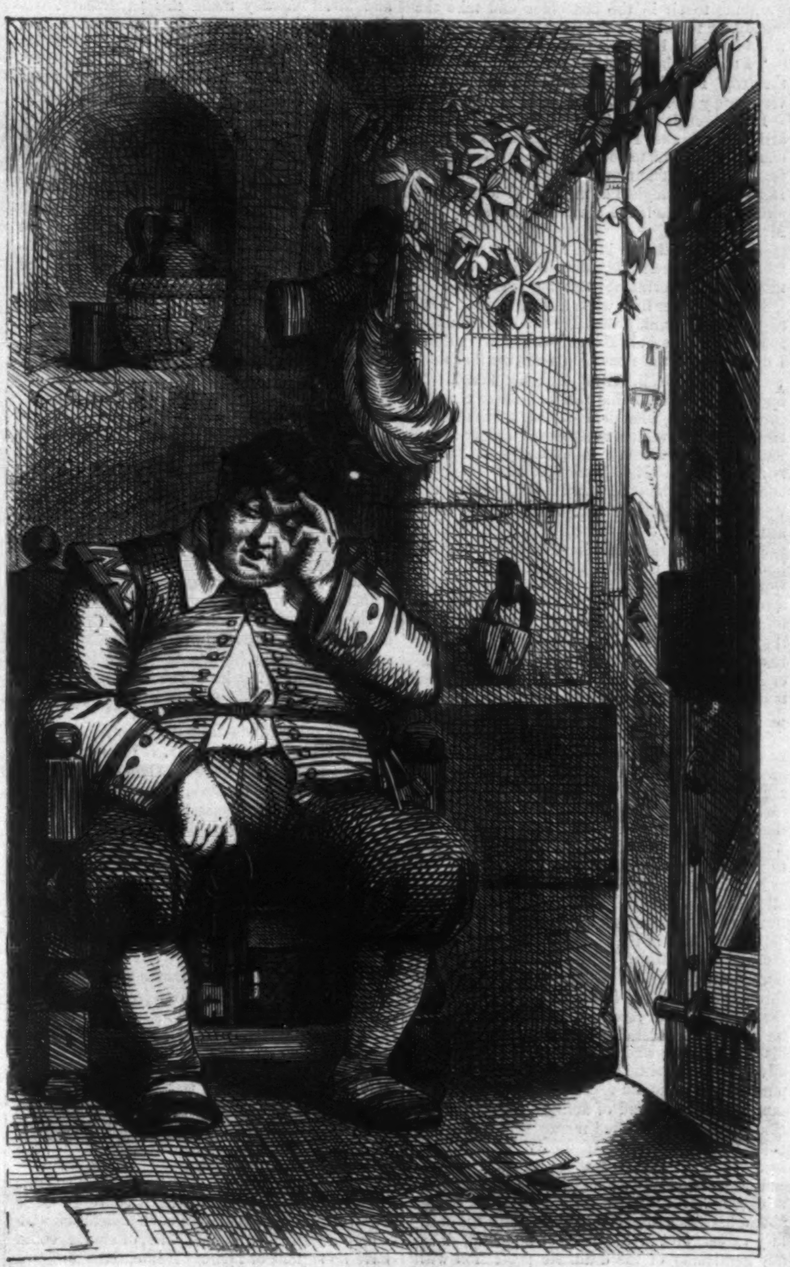
An endless June glows in the cloudless blue—
Cloudless except one loitering snowy hill
Of drifting vapor, cruising ether through,
And promising a sunset that is still
So slow to come, though yet we know it will:
In Dreamland all the clouds do as they please;
Soft whisp'ring secrets, murm'ring rill meets rill;
Red poppy leaves blow by on every breeze;
And low dream-voices stir among the trees.

And all around this quiet peaceful place,
Where never trumpet blew nor shone a sword,
Lie miles of unmown meadows, o'er which race,
Glancing o'er cowslip cups and emerald sward,
Light sunbeams from rich Summer's golden hoard;
Through waves of fluttering flowers they careless play,
While soft against the face of Dreamland's lord
Drifts the gray down the thistles cast away—
Harvest of the day-dreamers, as some say.

Beyond these pastures, far to east and west,
Stretch great green forests never traversed;
And there no sound disturbs the wild deer's rest
But the slipped acorn pattering on his bed,
Or the crisp beech-nut crackling at his tread.
No hunter's horn scares this birds' paradise,
Nor beat of echoing hoof; no shaft is sped
By staring woodman; nor in any guise
Do fowlers hide here with their lures and lies.

And musing by the flower-strewn river bank,
You see old friends long dead in distant lands;
Or in some misty glade watch rank on rank
Of shrouded horsemen, muffled face and hands;
And in the lonely forest walk oft stands
One loved long since, and now how sad and wan!
A sorrowing angel, who at Night's commands
Fades ere indeed she well is looked upon:
So April rainbows melt before the sun.

In this strange land, found only in one's dreams,
Led by a clew that never yet betrayed,
I sought, through woodland bowers and dells and streams,
For the great monarch of each hill and glade;
And after leagues of checkered light and shade
I found, in dim alcove by man untrod,
A Giant throned: face hidden, head down-weighed,
Wrapped in star-spangled robes. Behold the god,
The sleepy ruler of dream-world, KING NOD!



THE LAND OF NOD.

TOO BRIGHT TO LAST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

LUCY DERWENT played the walking ladies, with a share of the juveniles, at the Theatres Royal, Slowmington, Comberly, and Drifford, on which circuit it was my humble lot to be engaged for the second old women and general utility. It must not be supposed that I really was an elderly person. I only played old women because my appearance was rather unattractive, my stage wardrobe somewhat scanty, and my aspirations of the humblest. I came of a theatrical family: my father had been a clown, and had lost his life in consequence of an accident during the run of "Harlequin Gulliver and the Fairy Queen of Lilliput," a very splendid pantomime, at one of the East End London theatres, in which Mr. Maltravers's celebrated troupe of infant prodigies appeared. The infant prodigies have grown up now, and are great hulking men and women, hanging on to the theatrical profession in very subordinate positions.

My father perished in the heyday of his professional career, leaving my poor mother with three helpless children, of whom I was the eldest. She had been a principal dancer at one of the small theatres when my father married her, and a very pretty woman; but the coming of the children put an end to her dancing, and her beauty faded very quickly with the cares of her married life. I am compelled to admit that my father was not the best husband in the world, though he was the easiest and most good-natured of men, and loved us all dearly. But he was just as easy and good-natured with his boon companions, and was always getting into bad company somehow, and coming home in the early dawn—oh, so tipsy, so helpless, with such a white sodden face and such limp arms and legs!

My mother went back to the stage when she was left a widow; but her beauty being quite worn away, she was at a disadvantage with the managers, and was obliged to fall into a very humble position. She danced a little, and sang a little, and played small parts; sometimes representing a lovely young heiress of seventeen, with her poor faded face and thin wasted figure and shabby dress, sometimes an old woman with wrinkles and a red nose. They used to send her on for any thing, poor dear, knowing that it was life and death to her to be employed, and to get bread for her three little ones.

She wore herself out at last, and when I was about sixteen I lost her. Heaven knows how bitter that loss was to me, and how all the sunshine and youth seemed to vanish out of my life when she was gone. I was an old woman from that moment, and any little talent which I may have had for the stage—and I had been rather successful in childish characters, and had received a good deal of praise in my time—all went with my happiness and hope. I had hoped for a time in which I might succeed as a leading actress, and earn a salary that would keep my mother in comfort. I had fancied the life we should lead, and the bright happy home we might have; but this hope was gone now; I had nothing left but duty. I had my younger sister to work for—the boy had been taken in hand by a brother of my poor mother's, a small tradesman at Brompton, and was doing well—so I had only Amelia Jane to think of. She was a very good girl, and used to travel every where with me, and to act occasionally; but I was very careful that she should not waste her time hanging about the theatre when she wasn't wanted, and I used to send her to a day-school in all the three towns on Mr. Ponsonby's circuit.

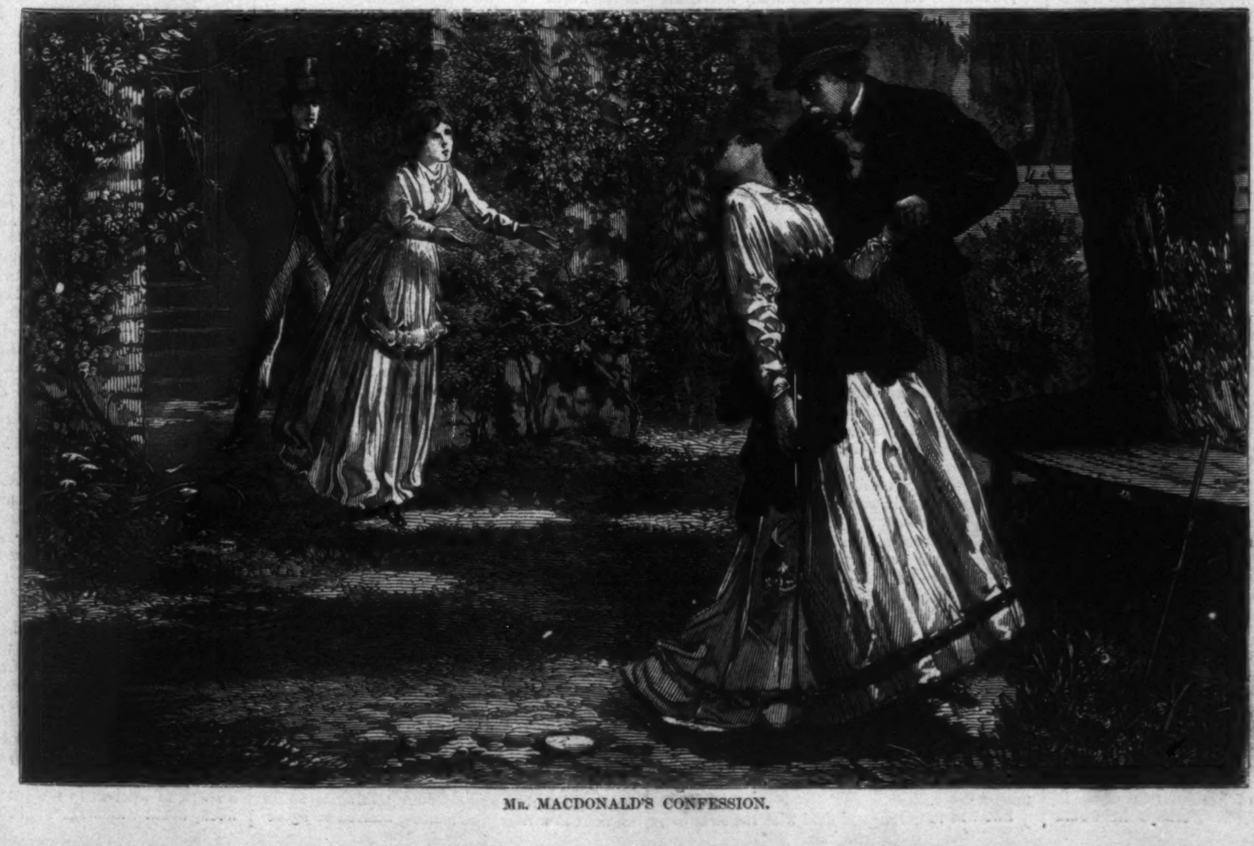
Perhaps I am saying too much about myself, as the story I am going to tell has nothing to do with me or my affairs. I was a very humble individual in Mr. Ponsonby's company. Whatever beauty I had ever had—and up to my fifteenth birthday I had promised to be like my mother in her best days—had all gone, after a severe attack of small-pox, that nearly cost me my life as well, and put an end to all my hopes of ever doing much as an actress. I was only two-and-twenty, but I had a grave, old-fashioned way that suited the old women, people said; and I took to that line willingly enough, being glad to earn a living any how for Amelia Jane and myself.

I used to redden my nose night after night, until I scarcely knew what it was to appear with that feature of its natural color: though I really don't know why it is that dramatic old age should always be distinguished by that particular infirmity; but if at any time I did venture to omit the reddening process, I was pretty sure to be told that I had no real love for my profession, and no appreciation of character.

"Character, my dear, is what you've got to think about, if ever you want to advance a step beyond your present position," the stage-manager said to me; "and there's nothing like a touch of vermilion at the end of the nose to give character."

I had been jogging on in my quiet way for some years, and had got to be looked upon as a very useful person in the company. Amelia Jane was grown up by this time, and was rather a pretty girl, with a sweet soprano voice and a good deal of dramatic talent. She played all the chamber-maids, and her salary was much larger than mine—not that she was ever proud or stuck-up about that; for she was the dearest, simplest little creature in the world, and fancied there was no one like her sister Martha. She had been on the stage three years—in Mr. Ponsonby's company all the time—and I had passed my twenty-seventh birthday, and was beginning to fancy myself quite an old maid, when Lucy Derwent came to us.

I think she was the loveliest girl I ever saw in my life. I don't mean to say that I have not seen women with more perfect features, but Lucy's face had a brightness of coloring and expression that bewitched one at the first glance. I never knew any one fail to admire her. It was such a girlish lovable beauty. Eyes that were really blue—the bright pure blue of a cloudless summer sky—and with an innocent confiding look in them that was even lovelier than their color; the sweetest mouth that ever smiled—and this one was always smiling; a little dimpled chin; and a complexion that was all lilies and roses, and upon which the stage paint seemed a pollution. She was tall and very slim, with none of those points which are supposed to constitute a fine figure, but with a youthful grace which to my mind more than made up for any deficiencies of that kind. Altogether she was a most charming creature, and when Mr. Ponsonby engaged her he told us he had secured a treasure. She was quite a young lady, we found; had been educated at a boarding-school, played the piano, and spoke French and Italian and German with more or less proficiency. Her father was a barrister, a dissipated, extravagant man, who had a large family, and was always in embarrassed circumstances. So, his children being compelled to look about them and think of



MR. MACDONALD'S CONFESSION.

getting a living for themselves, Lucy had elected to become an actress, having a passion for the stage.

Of course I did not learn these things all at once; they came out little by little as Lucy and I got to be intimate. She took to me wonderfully from the first, as I had taken to her, and used to ask my advice about her dresses, and so on, and seemed to think a great deal of my experience. She had only been on the stage twelve months when she came to Mr. Ponsonby, and had made wonderful progress in that short time. I do not say that she was a genius, but she was very clever, and had a graceful, easy way in every thing she did that won upon her audience, and made her a favorite at once. Our leading lady, Miss Juliet Vavasour, otherwise Mrs. Mole, who was rather a ponderous person of eight-and-thirty, with a husband in the orchestra and a family of children at home, was not too well pleased with Miss Derwent, and was very angry and jealous when Mr. Ponsonby cast her any important part.

There never was a more light-hearted, joyous creature than Lucy when she came to us at Slowmington. The household at home was carried on in a scrambling, easy-going kind of manner, as I gathered from her talk. There were ever so many brothers and sisters, all very fond of one another, and still fonder of the mother, who was the centre of all things for them; and they contrived to take life very pleasantly somehow or other, in spite of all shortcomings on the part of the master of the house.

Lucy was full of wit and fun, dear girl, and her coming among us seemed quite to brighten our lives, as Amelia Jane and I used to tell her often. She lodged in the same house we lived in at Slowmington—a queer, old-fashioned place in a shady court at the obscure end of the town—and little by little she got to live with us altogether, sharing our meals and dividing our expenses, declaring that I was a wonder of management and economy, and that I saved her a great deal of money by my careful ways. She was always well dressed, both on and off the stage; for she had a whole tribe of rich and fashionable cousins, who sent her great boxes of clothes in excellent condition, and she was not at all ashamed to tell us the source from which her handsome wardrobe had been derived.

"If it rested with papa to supply me I suppose I should have to wear the same gown from year's end to year's end," she said, laughing; "but, luckily for me, my cousins are rich and generous, and I get the reversion of all their ball and dinner dresses—much to the aggravation of their maids, I dare say."

She was such a bright, winning creature that the simplest dress took a grace from her beauty. I was never tired of admiring her and all her gay, fascinating ways. She was very much admired by the gentlemen of the company too, who used to gather round her in the green-room, and make quite a little court of worshipers; but she received all their compliments with a kind of gracious indifference, and seemed in no danger of losing her heart to any one of them. We used to tease her a little about these admirers, on which she would always tell us that she had never been in love, and never should be in love as long as she lived.

"What, Lucy," cried my sister, "do you mean to say that you are going to be an old maid?"

"I don't know about that, Amelia; one may marry without being in love, you know. If any one were to offer me a handsome house, and a carriage and pair, and plenty of servants, and all that kind of thing, I think I should be very much inclined to accept his proposal."

"Why, Lucy, is it possible that you could be mercenary?"

"Would that be mercenary?" she asked, laughing. "Well, I don't know. If the gentleman was not very nice, and if the carriage was a landau, I might refuse him; but if it was a barouche, and he had dark eyes, I think I should say yes."

"And what is to become of poor Mr. Ponsonby?" I said. "I am afraid there is no hope for him."

Our manager was a single man, not quite forty years of age, and had proved rather fickle and capricious in his relations with the fair sex up to this time. But he had shown himself desperately smitten by Lucy Derwent, and we all of us knew that she might be Mrs. Ponsonby whenever she pleased. He was a very good fellow, not handsome by any means, but with a frank, pleasing countenance, and he was a great favorite on the Slowmington circuit, both in his private and public capacity. He was the soul of honor in all his dealings, and very kind and liberal to his company. Amelia Jane and I thought that Lucy Derwent might do worse than marry George Ponsonby. He was a very clever light comedian, had acted in London for two or three seasons with considerable *éclat*, and was reputed to have saved a good bit of money.

"What!" Lucy cried, with a little scream of horror, "marry that old man?"

"My dear child, he is not forty."

"If he isn't, he's awfully close to it—quite double my age at any rate, and no barouche. Why, Patty, I might as well marry my grandpapa."

"But if he is devotedly attached to you, my dear, as I'm sure he is, and would make you a very good husband—"

"I don't want a good husband, you tiresome Patty; I want a barouche, and it must have C springs, and he must have dark eyes. Mr. Ponsonby's are green, or at least they were green when he was young and there was some color in them. They are quite washed out now—a pale drab, like whity-brown paper—and his hair is exactly the same shade. And oh, if I was his wife, how tired I should be of seeing him play Charles Surface, and all manner of French marquises, in light blue cotton velvet! Perhaps he would want me to sit in the box-office and take the money, or to stand at the wing and prompt him when he didn't know his part."

"I am sure he would make you the star of his theatre," I said, "and that you might have a very happy life."

I had been brought up so entirely among theatrical people that I thought to marry a prosperous provincial manager was almost the highest fate a young woman could aspire to; but Lucy Derwent only laughed at me when I told her so, and it seemed as if there was very little hope for Mr. Ponsonby.

There seemed less hope for him by-and-by, when Mr. Roderick Macdonald came to Slowmington for a fortnight's starring engagement.

It was summer time when this gentleman came to us, the beginning of June, and the country round about was all abloom with wild flowers. I don't think I can remember finer weather than we had just then in all my life; not that it was by any means favorable weather for a country theatre; but oh, what delicious days, what cloudless blue skies, what a freshness and glory in the mornings, what a tender, calm, and pensive beauty in the dewy twilight, when the stars came out one by one in the opal-tinted heaven, and there was a rosy flush over all the west till nine o'clock at night!

Slowmington is a fashionable town, a great hunting place in winter, and a kind of inland watering-place in summer. There is a mineral spa, but I don't think many people drink the waters; and there are botanical gardens, where there are fêtes and archery meetings; yet at its best the town is quiet, and the visitors have rather a faded, elderly look. All the country round is exquisite, and there are more walks and drives than one can easily reckon; and about the town itself, and the villas sprinkled on the green wooded slope on the western side of the town, there is an all-pervading air of prettiness and elegance not often seen. Rich merchants and manufacturers from the great city of Sloggerham have their country houses here; and the place has the wealthy, drowsy air of a town that has never had to work for its own living.

Mr. Roderick Macdonald had been starring all through England before he came to try his fortunes at Slowmington, and had met with varying success in the course of his wanderings. He was a spendthrift gentleman of high Scotch family, an ex-captain of dragoons, who had run through a handsome fortune, and had taken to the stage as a last resource. Wherever he went he excited considerable curiosity on account of his antecedents; and he was looked upon generally as a distinguished amateur, who acted from pure love of dramatic art. No doubt Mr. Macdonald was very fond of acting; but it must be confessed that he wanted money very badly, and looked to his dramatic genius as a source of income.

We were very curious about him at Slowmington, having heard all manner of stories about his desperate goings-on during his military career, and of his habit of knocking down any gentleman of the dramatic profession with whose opinions he happened to disagree. He had been summoned before the magistrates in several towns to answer for this little weakness of his. Having heard this of him, we expected to find him a disagreeable, haughty kind of person, and were prepared to hold our own against him, and to demonstrate our indifference to his superior rank by every means in our power.

He played light comedy, eccentric comedy, and the broadest low comedy, having chosen his *répertoire* from a very wide field, and without reference to any particular line of business. He had been knocking about in the profession for something less than three years when he came to Slowmington, and had acted for a season in London, but with no marked success.

How well I remember the Saturday afternoon on which I first saw him! The company had waited for him till quite late in the afternoon, in order to rehearse one of the pieces for Monday. We had almost given him up, and were talking of going home to tea, the actors grumbling about him angrily, and saying that it was like his impudence to keep us all waiting in this manner.

The green-room at Slowmington opened into a little bit of garden, where there were a few gooseberry bushes and a sycamore-tree. It was such a garden as one would have thought nothing of in any other situation; but it was quite a valuable addition to the small, stuffy green-room, and in fine weather we used to sit out here when we were not wanted on the stage for rehearsal; and at night the actors used to smoke their pipes here in the pauses of the performance.

Lucy and I were sitting on a little bench under the sycamore when the star made his appearance at last, coming down a narrow passage leading from the stage door, with the manager by his side. He was a very tall man, tall beyond the common height of men, and had a bright, fair face, with brilliant blue eyes, and dark brown hair curling crisply round a high, broad forehead; it was rather a Byronic head, I thought, perhaps not remarkably handsome, but with a patrician air about it, and a youthful brightness that was very attractive. Our manager introduced Mr. Macdonald to us. He acknowledged the introduction graciously enough, but glanced at us all very carelessly, I thought, until he came to Lucy Derwent, when his eyes brightened all at once with a surprised, admiring look, as if he had never seen any thing prettier than the picture before him. And, indeed, it might have been so, for Lucy was looking her loveliest that afternoon, as she sat under the sycamore with her hat lying on her lap, and her sunny hair falling loosely about her face, while the shadows of the leaves flickered upon her light muslin dress.

She was to act a good deal with the stranger, and Mr. Ponsonby made this particular introduction with more *empressement* than he had shown in making the others. He wanted to insure courteous treatment for his favorite. Perhaps when a few nights had gone by, and those two had acted together in a great many pieces, Mr. Ponsonby may have been inclined to think there was a little too much courtesy in Roderick Macdonald's manner to Miss Derwent.

The engagement did not prove a very successful one. People came for the first night or two out of curiosity, I think, anxious to see the tall ex-dragoon; but after that the audiences dropped off, and the house grew very thin. The botanical gardens, and the rural walks and drives round Slowmington, were more attractive on these lovely June evenings than the prettiest theatre in England.

Mr. Macdonald bore this neglect with supreme good-humor. He had not knocked any one down yet, and had conducted himself altogether in a very agreeable manner. I do not know whether he was really a good actor; but I know that he made us laugh a great deal on the stage—much more than his audience ever laughed at him; but then provincial audiences are apt to be stolid. He was full of fun and nonsense; mixed up the most ridiculous sayings of his own with the language of the author in the wildest way, made all sorts of absurd remarks about the audience *sotto voce*, and contrived to keep poor Lucy in a perpetual titter all the time she was on the stage with him.

He was pleased by her laughing so readily at his jokes, he was pleased with her beauty, pleased with her gay, winning manners. So long as he was acting with her he seemed not to care how empty the house was, or how cold the audience. I don't think he knew that it was empty at such times; I think the boxes were peopled and radiant for him when those two were on the stage together—he her lover, she all smiles and blushes and tenderness, so natural in her girlish confusion and sweet maiden shyness, that it was difficult to believe there was any acting in the business. I told her as much one night; but she laughed, and said I was the most nonsensical creature in the world. At the wings those two used always to be together, and in the little garden under the sycamore every morning at rehearsal. Mr. Macdonald had been a great deal abroad, and talked French and German perfectly, I am told. He used to converse in those languages with Lucy, and was charmed with her own imperfect school-girl talk, for which she was accustomed to make many blushing apologies. It is not to be supposed that such a flirtation as this could escape notice in a theatre, where people are all eyes and ears. That confidential talk in foreign tongues outraged some members of our company. Miss Juliet Vavasour was especially indignant with what she was pleased to call Miss Derwent's goings-on. If people were not ashamed of what they had to say, they would speak English, this lady said; and she wondered what result Miss Derwent could expect from such a flirtation with a man like Mr. Macdonald, who, of course, could have no serious or honorable intentions, and was only amusing himself at her expense. I defended my dear girl indignantly when Miss Vavasour said these bitter things; but she went on saying them all the same, and was as angry and jealous as if she had been young and single, and had wished to win Mr. Macdonald for herself. I must own, however, that the flirtation did seem rather a desperate one, and I took occasion to lecture Lucy very gravely about her conduct, and to tell her the hard things that her enemies were beginning to say about her. When I had finished my remonstrance she threw her arms round my neck, and hid her blushing face upon my shoulder.

"Oh, Patty," she said, "I love him so dearly. It is not a flirtation; it is the most serious thing in the world; it is for life or death."

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" I cried, grieved beyond expression to discover the desperate state of the case; "have you considered what a wild, dissipated man Mr. Macdonald is—what a bad reputation he has?"

"I have considered nothing, Patty, except that he is the only man upon earth for me, and that I love him with all my heart. But he is not dissipated. He has been a little wild, perhaps, and extravagant in the past—he says as much himself. And what of that? All generous young men are wild and extravagant."

"What has he said to you, Lucy? Has he asked you to be his wife?"

"Oh no, Patty. Things have not gone so far as that. But I know that he loves me; he has told me so in a hundred ways. I think you can see as much as that with your own eyes, you serious, anxious old Patty."

"Yes, my dear. I have seen that from the first night you two acted together, I think. But I don't like the business, for all that, Lucy, and I am sorry you should get yourself talked about on account of a man of whom you know so little. If you were to marry Mr. Macdonald, I don't think it would be a good match, or that you would ever ride in the barouche you talk of."

"I resign the barouche forever," she answered, laughing. "I would go on drudging and toiling all my life as an obscure country actress for his sake. Yes, and redden my nose even, and play old women. What is there in this world I wouldn't do for his sake? Oh, Patty, you don't know how noble he is, and what a charm there is in his voice and manner when he talks to me."

"I know that he has turned your head, Lucy," I said, "and that's about the only sure thing I do know of him."

It was nearly the end of the fortnight by this time, and still those two were always together. Mr. Macdonald would escort Lucy home from rehearsal, and would come into our homely old-fashioned parlor, and sit there talking to us for an hour at a time, and making himself so agreeable that I could not bring myself to be uncivil to him, however doubtful and anxious I might feel; and I was very anxious, for I saw what a hold he had upon my poor girl's heart, and dreaded the issue of this affair. At night, in the soft summer moonlight—the moon was at the full at the end of that fortnight, I remember—we used to find him waiting for us at the stage door; and he used to walk by Lucy's side through the quiet, empty streets, while my sister and I went on a little before them. Lucy's beauty seemed to take a new radiance from her happiness just then; I fancied she grew lovelier every day, and I could not wonder that Roderick Macdonald loved her.

There was one person in the theatre who watched Lucy and her lover with a very grave and anxious countenance, and that person was Mr. Ponsonby, the manager. He grew quite absent-minded and careless in his acting, and had a preoccupied look at all times. I was very sorry for him; for I knew what a good fellow he was, and how truly he loved Lucy Derwent. If he had not Mr. Macdonald's brilliant manners and patrician face, he had other qualities which seemed to me more valuable—steadiness and truth and honesty, a good temper, and a kind heart. How little we knew about the aristocratic Scotchman, except that he spoke French and German exquisitely, and had a Byronic forehead and bright blue eyes!

It came to the very last day of his engagement, and I thought Mr. Macdonald looked very gloomy as the time of his departure drew near. He was to begin a week's engagement at Sloggerham on Monday, and was to travel there on Sunday morning, after acting with us on Saturday evening. Lucy and I walked to the theatre alone on Saturday morning, and I ventured to ask her if Mr. Macdonald had said any thing serious. There had been ample time and opportunity for him to do so had he been so minded. I think the question pained her a little, and the look of distress in the sweet young face made me feel myself a monster of cruelty.

"No, Patty," she answered, after a pause, "he has said nothing yet. I think there are obstacles to his marrying yet a while; the embarrassed state of his circumstances, perhaps. You know men are not so courageous as women in these things; they can not face poverty as we can for the sake of any one we love. He speaks of himself in a very gloomy way, but so vaguely that I can not tell what his troubles are, and I do not like to question him about them."

We went on to the theatre in silence. My darling was very pensive. All the brightness and happiness of the last fortnight seemed to have vanished—the time of parting was so near, the sweet, brief midsummer dream was coming to a dreary end.

"I wonder whether I shall ever see him again, Patty, after he leaves this place?" Lucy said to me when we were close to the stage door.

"Of course you will, dear, if he loves you, as I am sure he does," I answered, for the plaintive look in her face went to my heart.

"I don't know that. He spoke of our parting last night as if it was to be forever—as if it was a good thing for both of us, somehow, that we are going to part."

That Saturday was the warmest day we had had yet—blazing sunshine, and scarcely a breath of air. All the company was crowded into the little garden where the gooseberry bushes grew. Roderick Macdonald was there too, lounging on the bench under the sycamore-tree, with one newspaper in his hand and another on the ground at his feet.

The Slowmington press had not been kind to him. His acting was handled very severely in both the newspapers which had come out that bright June morning. He read the critiques aloud, and laughed at them with a bitter, strident laugh, and cursed the critics of Slowmington very freely. He was so engrossed by this that he did not look up as Lucy and I came into the garden. Yes, the dream was over; this Saturday morning was the awakening. We went into the green-room, and Lucy sat down in a corner to study her part. She had a very important character in a comedy to play that night, and I think her mind was so full of other things that she found it harder than usual to cram the words into her poor little head. We were quite alone in the green-room, but we could hear the voices in the garden outside, and Roderick Macdonald's bitter laughter. He came in by-and-by, and shook hands with Lucy; but there was no happy talk in foreign languages between those two to-day. Of course the Slowmington critics were utterly insignificant and contemptible in his eyes, as he declared they were, but I think the adverse criticism galled him a little nevertheless; and then his engagement had been altogether an unprofitable one. It was scarcely strange that he should look thoughtful and gloomy this morning.

The rehearsal was a long one, and dragged on wearily for several hours. The last thing to be rehearsed was a farce, in which there were very few characters—only Mr. Macdonald, Mr. Fitzwarren the walking gentleman, Lucy Derwent, and myself. We were rehearsing this quite late in the afternoon, and Lucy and I were together in the green-room while the two men were on the stage, when Mr. Ponsonby came in from his little treasury, where he transacted all the business of the theatre, with the casts of the pieces for the following week, and began to hang them up in the little frame over the chimney-piece. Yes, the world was to go on all the same after Roderick Macdonald was gone, and pieces were to be studied and acted, and all the common round of daily drudgery was to continue, just as if that bright break in Lucy Derwent's life had never come. I knew she was thinking this as she looked up wearily at Mr. Ponsonby, without a spark of interest in the plans for the coming week, about which she would have been so curious and eager a fortnight ago. The manager loitered a little over his task, whistling softly to himself, dawdling for a purpose, I fancied; and in that moment a nervous feeling came over me, just as if I had known that there was something painful coming.

"Macdonald seems rather out of sorts to-day," he said at last, with his back still toward us, as he stood at the mantel-piece. "They certainly have walked into him awfully in the *Mercury* and *Midland Chronicle*; but it doesn't need much of a critic to see that the man's no actor. I suppose he'll go home to his wife after his Sloggerham engagement, and that she'll console him for all his failures."

"His wife!" I cried, turning cold and faint. "Is Mr. Macdonald married?"

"So it seems," Mr. Ponsonby answered, looking round at us for the first time. "I didn't know it till this morning, or I should"—he hesitated for a moment, looking at Lucy—"I should have let others know it. I had a letter from a friend in London by to-day's post, telling me a good deal about our friend Macdonald. He has been married ever since he was quite a lad to a Frenchwoman ten years his senior. I don't know if they live together; but she is a very handsome woman, I hear, and was on the stage in Paris when he first saw her. I suppose it was this marriage that gave him a fancy for turning actor."

I don't know whether he meant to be cruel; jealousy and anger against the Scotchman had made him hard, perhaps, even to Lucy. I know that the blow struck home. The fair young face grew white to the very lips, but she betrayed her trouble by no other sign just then. There was a dead silence in the room, and we heard Roderick Macdonald's step on the gravel in the little garden outside as he came out of the theatre. What a leaden gloom there seemed in the place, which was wont to be so noisy and uproarious with the talk and laughter of the actors!

Lucy got up from her seat presently, and went slowly out of the room. I knew that she was going straight to speak to Mr. Macdonald, to ask him whether this thing was true or not. I was sitting by the window, and could see him as he lounged on his favorite seat under the sycamore, with his elbows on his knees, and a very gloomy face, scratching figures on the gravel with the point of his cane. He looked very handsome, I thought, with that melancholy expression on his pale face softening the bright blue eyes; and there was more pity for him than anger against him in my heart. Mr. Ponsonby thrust his hands in his pockets, and planted himself with his back against the empty fire-place in a dogged kind of way.

"She ought to know it," he muttered. "It is only right for her to know."

"I think you might have broken it to her a little more kindly," I said to him, with some indignation.

"Broken it? stuff and nonsense!" he answered, angrily. "What breaking can there be wanted in such a case? What can she care about a man whom she has only known a fortnight—a dire bad actor into the bargain? I'm sure his business and gagging in young Marlow were beneath contempt."

I did not reply to this; I was looking out at the scene under the sycamore-tree.

Lucy had gone slowly up to Mr. Macdonald, and had asked him some question. I could see the pale lips move, though the voice was so low and faint that I could not hear a murmur. I saw him look up at her with a start, and with a sudden sharp anguish in his face, that made it haggard and old-looking all in a moment.

"Yes," he said at last, "the murder's out. It's true. Some kind friend has told you, I suppose. Yes, it's true;" and then, as she stood before him silently, he stretched out his hands to her in a pleading, despairing way.

"Oh, my love, my love, forgive me!" he cried.

Lucy Derwent gave a little gasping sob, and fell down at his feet in a dead faint. I ran out to the garden directly, the manager after me. Mr. Macdonald had raised her from the ground by that time, and was holding her in his arms, imploring her to forgive him, and calling himself a brute and a villain.

"Yes, you may well say that. You have shown yourself a most consummate villain to her!" Mr. Ponsonby said, savagely.

The other turned on him fiercely, with his fists clenched, and I remembered that propensity for knocking people down for which this gentleman had acquired such a reputation.

He did not attack Mr. Ponsonby, however, and bore the reproof meekly enough.

"*You* needn't insult me," he said, in a gloomy tone. "You needn't hit a fellow that's down. I'm low enough, God knows. I know that I have been a villain to her, but not a deliberate villain. I love her with all my heart and soul. If she would trust herself to me, I would be her slave, would sacrifice every hope I have in the world for her sake. Yet I love her so well, that I would not ask her to do that for my life. She is as innocent and pure as the angels, and I have not said a word to her that I might not say to my sister. But I love her—oh! my God, how I love her!"

He held her all this time, supported by one strong arm, and with her fair head lying on his breast, happily unconscious still. He looked down at her—oh, so tenderly!—as the sweet, pale face lay there.

"No, my love," he said, with a smile, "I will not wrong you by so much as a kiss unawares."

She came back to life presently with a convulsive sigh, and I think the fullness of her trouble flashed upon her with the first moment of returning consciousness.

"Let us go home, Patty," she said, quietly; "the rehearsal is finished, isn't it?"

It was not quite finished, but Mr. Ponsonby nodded to me, and said, "Yes, get her home."

Mr. Macdonald had withdrawn his arm from her the moment she recovered. He stood a little way apart now, watching her with a look that was half tenderness, half despair. I have no doubt I ought to have been very angry with him for the duplicity that had caused all this mischief, but I could not for the life of me feel any thing but pity for him.

We walked slowly home in the afternoon sunshine, Lucy leaning on my arm. I did not speak to her once in all the way. I knew that such a grief as hers would be best suffered in silence, and that any attempt at consolation would be worse than useless. She went straight to her room when we got home, and I promised to take her a cup of tea there presently. We were in the habit of taking tea and dinner together after a late rehearsal, in the homely fashion that women like; but I felt pretty sure that Lucy would eat little or nothing this afternoon.

When I went to her with the tea, I found her sitting with a play-book on her lap, staring absently at the page. She had not even taken off her walking things. I took off her hat and mantle, and got her to bathe her face in cold water, and sat by her while she drank a cup of tea, and ate a little piece of bread-and-butter to please me. Then I persuaded her to lie down upon the bed, and rest until it was time to go to the theatre. It was no good trying to study—the words would come to her somehow at night, I had no doubt. She obeyed me in her own sweet, gentle way, and I darkened the room for her, and left her lying down, with her face turned to the wall.

Up to this time she had not shed a tear; but I think the tears came all at once now; for, when I crept softly to her door a few minutes later, I heard her low, suppressed sobbing, and I was not sorry that this relief should come to her.

At six o'clock she came to our sitting-room, with a pale, fixed face, but no obvious traces of her tears, dressed, ready to start for the theatre. We walked there together, she and I, my sister not being wanted till a later hour. How the fashionable life of Slowmington jarred upon me that evening!—the gayly dressed people walking and driving in the serene sunshine, the bright-looking shops, the aspect of happiness that there was in the place.

I don't think Lucy Derwent ever acted so well as she acted that night. I had been afraid that she would break down—had only hoped, at the best, that she would get through her parts somehow. But the fever and excitement of her mind gave a new vivacity to her acting. She threw herself into the character she was playing with an utter abandonment. Mr. Ponsonby stood at the wing, wondering at her brightness and animation.

"She's not much the worse for my news, you see," he said to me, with rather a triumphant air, "in spite of her faint this afternoon—girls faint for next to nothing. Of course it was only a flirtation on her side, whatever it may have been on Macdonald's; and the poor beggar did look awfully cut up, I confess."

"Oh, of course," I said, not caring to contradict him.

I saw Lucy and Roderick Macdonald at the wings, in the intervals of their acting, talking together very earnestly. He told her the story of his life that night, a story which she told me afterward—a common story enough, of a boy's foolish marriage and a man's bitter repentance. The night came to an end only too soon for those two, I think, who found some sweetness amidst the pain of those parting hours. I did not witness their final farewell; they were alone together in the little garden for a few minutes while I finished dressing—Lucy waiting for me to join her. Perhaps I lingered a little purposely over my toilet that night, willing that they should have those last moments together.

Mr. Macdonald had gone when I went down stairs, and Lucy was waiting for me alone in the garden. It was a wet night, but I doubt if the poor child knew that it was raining till I told her so.

"He is gone, Patty," she said, "for ever and ever. I shall never see him again. It is better so, of course; but, oh, how blank and dull the world will seem without him, and what an old, old woman I feel!"

"My dear love, all that will pass away. Why, you have only known him two short weeks! It can not be a very serious feeling on either side."

"You don't know, Patty. Those two weeks seem half my life to me, and the brightest half of my life. He asked me to let him kiss me, just once, Patty. He stood by my side, bareheaded, pleading so earnestly just for one kiss, and I would not. But now he is gone, I wish I had let him kiss me; I wish I had not been so hard and cruel."

"My dear child, you only did what was right; he has had a great deal too much indulgence as it is. He had no right to conceal the fact of his marriage, or to flirt with you as he did."

"He had not the heart to tell me the truth. Don't be hard upon him, Patty. You don't know how generous and noble he is; I don't think there's a woman in the world who could help loving him. Oh, how I wish I had let him kiss me!"

She trusted me so thoroughly, poor child, and laid her heart bare before me with such entire candor and simplicity. Many, many times after that night, in our talk of Roderick Macdonald, she would return to the old regret, "Oh, Patty, I wish I had let him kiss me."

Our lives went on quietly and peacefully enough after the star had vanished out of our tranquil sky. Lucy Derwent did not fall ill of a brain-fever, as she should have done, perhaps, under the circumstances, nor did she exhibit any outward tokens of her grief. She took more pains with her acting than usual, I know, and seemed as gay and light-hearted as ever in the green-room, where she knew there were eager eyes watching for any sign of her trouble. But at home, with us whom she trusted, she was utterly changed; she would sit alone in her room for hours together, with an open book lying unheeded on her lap; and when we persuaded her to join us, she was dull and silent, and we never heard her old joyous laugh, or her pretty voice singing over her work. She suffered all the more at home, I think, on account of the effort which she made to appear her old self at the theatre.

We heard of Mr. Macdonald at the different towns, where he was starring with more or less success; and then, at the end of about six months, there came the news that he was going abroad, to Australia, to try his dramatic fortunes in that colony.

"I was right, you see, Patty," Lucy said to me, when she read this announcement in a theatrical journal; "I shall never see him again."

"My dear child, he will come back from Australia in a year or so, I dare say, and there will be just as good a chance of your seeing him as if he had never been there."

"No, Patty, I shall never see him again. We both felt that night that we should never meet again; and he asked me to let him kiss me, and I wouldn't."

It was midsummer weather again, and we were at Slowmington once more, Lucy still with us, and Mr. Ponsonby more devoted to her than ever. She had brightened up a good deal by this time, and I thought she was beginning to forget Mr. Macdonald. She was a great favorite with the audience in all our three towns, and her salary had been raised, so that she was able to send home a little money to her mother now and then, which helped that anxious housekeeper in some of her minor embarrassments.

"If it is only enough to pay the milk bill, it is something, you see, Patty," Lucy said to me in her candid way.

And so the time went on peacefully enough. We had an especially prosperous season at Slowmington that year, and the autumn found us still at the pretty little inland watering-place. Early in October George Ponsonby's fidelity had its reward, and I had the happiness of appearing in the character of bridemaid to Lucy Derwent, who signed herself "Lucy Dawson" in the register, by-the-way, in which record Mr. Ponsonby wrote himself down "George Payne."

Yes, she had accepted this faithful lover at last, grateful for his devotion, flattered by his belief in her genius, and preferring the tranquil home he could give her to the worries and confusions of her father's house. That she really loved him I did not for a moment believe; but I was pleased that she should marry him nevertheless, and had little doubt that the quiet, undemonstrative affection which best insures the peace and comfort of domestic life would grow up in my darling's heart in good time. I knew that she was faithful and true, and that she would neglect no duty which she pledged herself to perform before the altar in the shadowy old parish church. Nor was I mistaken in this. She made the fairest, brightest, most delightful wife that ever a man won for himself, and her husband seemed to grow prouder of her and fonder of her every day. He was very generous to her too, and she told me she was now able to send frequent help to the poor overtasked mother at home.

They had been married nearly six months, and we were at Drifford, a manufacturing town, very black and smoky, where the inhabitants consumed enormous quantities of pork-pie in the pit and gallery during the night's entertainment; indeed, if the times were bad, and these people could not afford ample supplies of pork-pie, they would stay away from the theatre altogether, preferring to abstain from the drama rather than witness it unfortified by their favorite refreshment. We were at Drifford, and it was the end of March—gloomy, blustrous weather, with a cold, gray sky, and frequent showers of wind-driven rain that used to beat into my face, and almost blind me during the walk from my lodgings to the theatre—and I think I remember this time especially on account of an event which tried my poor Lucy's health sorely.

I was at rehearsal on one of these cold rainy mornings, when the theatre had an unusually dark and dismal appearance, and when every member of the company seemed either out of temper or out of spirits. I was standing at one of the wings, trying to cram the words of a long, unprofitable part into my head, when the manager came up to me.

"Oh, Patty," he said—he had taken to calling me "Patty," like his wife—"I wish you would just step round and have a little chat with Lucy; she's not quite the thing this morning, and I dare say you can cheer her up if you try."

"I should be very pleased to go to her," I said, "but I'm on all through this piece."

"Never mind that; it'll be rehearsed again to-morrow, you know. Wilcox shall read your part. There, run along, that's a good soul, and see after Lucy."

I could see that he was very pale, and had a troubled look that I had never seen in his face before. I hurried out of the theatre, and to Mr. Ponsonby's lodgings, which were very pleasant rooms, not far off. I know the drawing-room used to seem to me quite a splendid apartment, which I fancied any lady might have been proud to occupy. But then I had not seen many drawing-rooms, and this may have appeared to me grander that it was. Lucy made very light of her luxurious surroundings.

She came to me a few moments after I had been shown into this room, pale to the lips, and with an unspeakable sadness in her face. She had a newspaper in one hand, and she was still holding this when she threw herself into my arms, and hid her poor white face upon my shoulder.

"I heard that you were ill, dear," I said, "and Mr. Ponsonby sent me here to see if I could be of any use to my pet. You know how anxious he always is about you."

"He is very good to me," she answered, in a low, tremulous voice; "oh, so much better than I deserve. He knows now how unworthy I am of his goodness. I kept my secret from him till to-day, but he knows all now."

"All what, you foolish child?"

"He is dead, Patty," she answered, with a sob.

"Who is dead?"

"Roderick Macdonald. It was in the paper this morning. He died at Melbourne, of rheumatic fever. He was only twenty-nine. Oh, Patty, I told you that I should never see him again. And to think that he should have prayed so hard for that one last kiss, and I refused it! He is dead, Patty. Oh, if I could only have kissed him in his coffin!"

"My darling, this talk is so foolish—wicked even. I am very sorry to hear of Mr. Macdonald's death; but if he had lived, no good could have come out of a meeting between you and him. You have no right to grieve for him like this, Lucy."

"Oh, I know that," she answered, impatiently. "No right! I tell you, Patty, he was the only man I ever loved in all my life."

"Oh, Lucy! And your poor, good husband!"

"I told him I had no heart to give him. I only promised to do my duty."

"And you will keep that promise, darling, and love will come by-and-by. Yes, it will come, my dear, I am sure of that; and you will forget that you ever cared for Roderick Macdonald."

She shook her head sadly, and then we sat down side by side, her poor weary head resting on my shoulder. She showed me the brief paragraph in the London paper by-and-by, and I let her talk as long as she pleased about her dead lover. I knew somehow that things would come right in time; and so they did. It would have required a harder heart than Lucy's to keep itself closed against such an unselfish, faithful husband as George Ponsonby. They have children now, and seem to me a perfectly happy couple; but I think even yet there are times when Lucy's thoughts slip away from the little one on her lap, and there rises before her the vision of a face that shall never be seen again upon this earth.

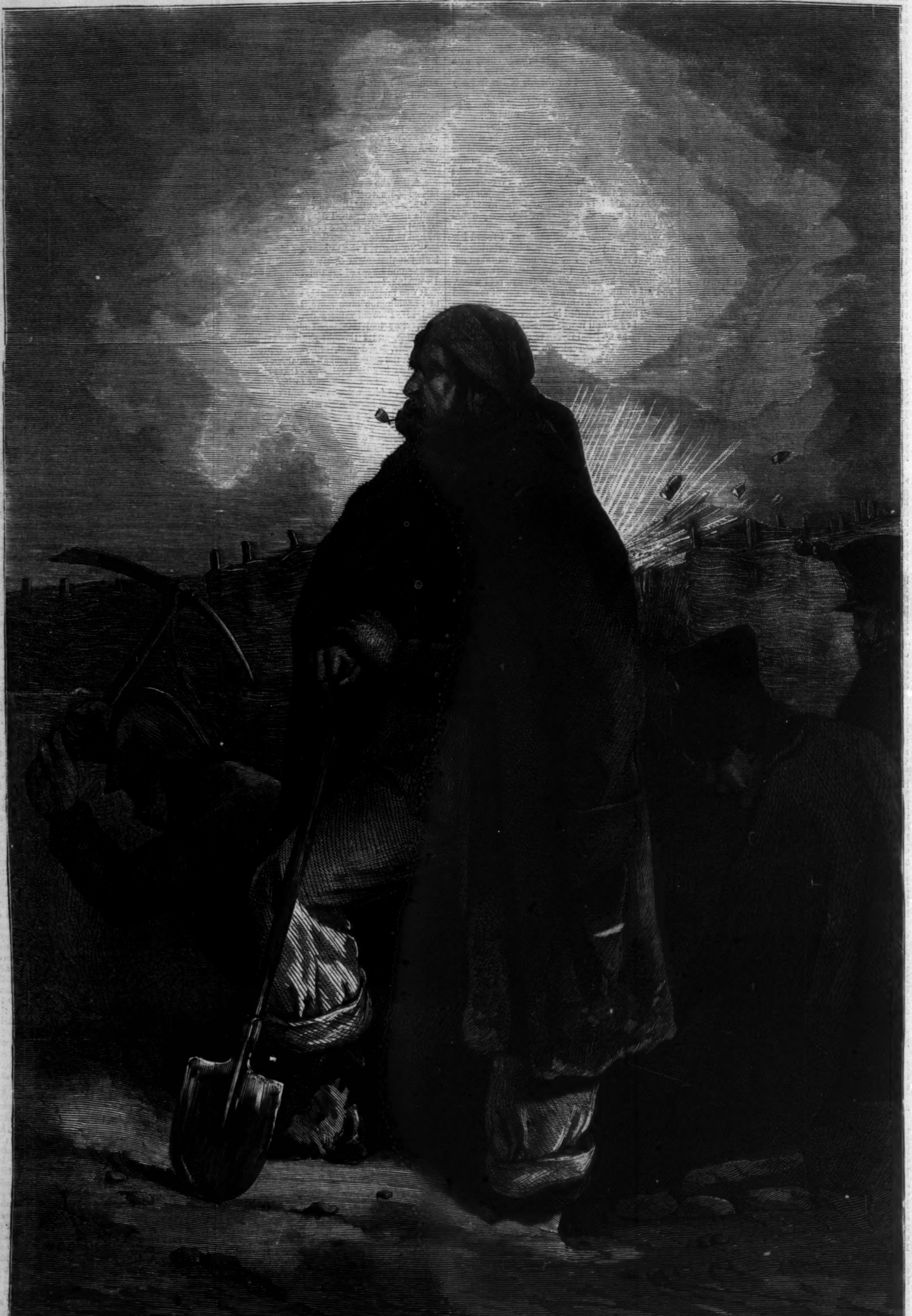
BLOOMING GROVE PARK.

It would strike a European as something very odd that, in a new country like ours, where only a few years ago wild game was so plentiful, it should be necessary to create an artificial sporting park, where game may be bred and protected as it is in the forests of Fontainebleau and the Grand Duchy of Baden; but the same want of thrift and forethought which has emptied our streams and rivers of fish, once so abundant, has also destroyed all the large kinds of game in this region, and compelled the lover of the chase to seek the gratification of his pleasure on the plains of the far West. But this is only for gentlemen of wealth and ample leisure, or for regular sportsmen. There are thousands who have a strong love for wild sports whose business limits them to briefer excursions; and for their special accommodation two gentlemen well known to sportsmen and the public generally, **FAYETTE S. GILES** and **GENIO C. SCOTT**, a year ago conceived the idea of providing a grand hunting park within a reasonable distance of New York.

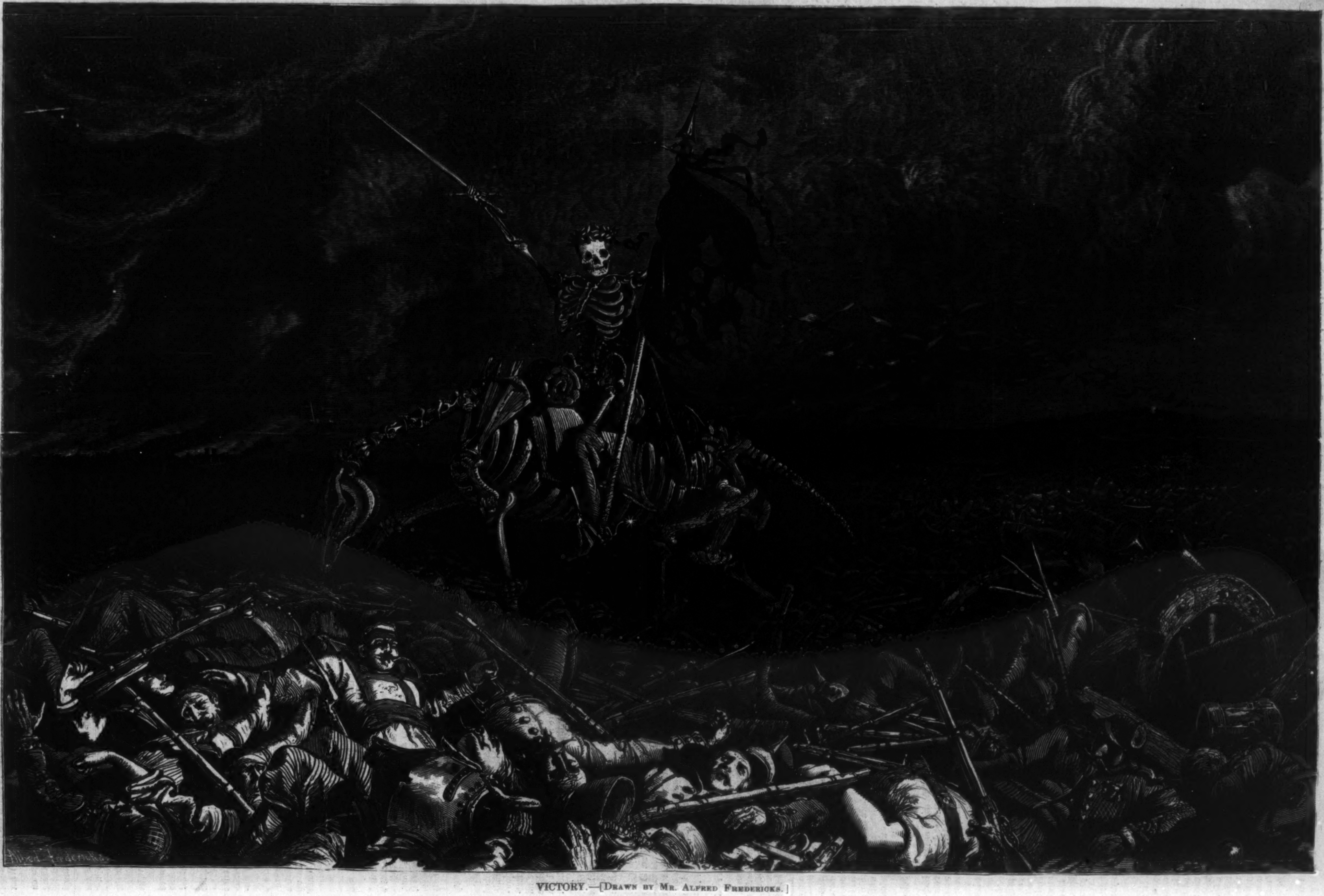
Great difficulty was experienced in finding a sufficiently large tract of land near this city that contained the necessary requisites of stream, lake, upland, lowland, and forest; but at last a spot was found perfectly suited to the purpose in Pike County, in the extreme northeastern portion of the State of Pennsylvania. Here fine streams were found running through pleasant valleys, several beautiful lakes were within easy walking distance of each other, and a range of high wooded hills crossed the southern end of the tract. The streams were already stocked with splendid trout, and the tract seemed really a sportsman's paradise. One of its greatest advantages was its proximity to New York, being distant from the city only four and a half hours by the Erie Railroad.

Here about 12,000 acres of land were purchased in the townships of Blooming Grove, Porter, and Greene, and an association was formed, called the Blooming Grove Park Association, under whose auspices it is proposed to erect a large and commodious hotel in one corner of the tract next season, for the exclusive use of the members and their families, the presence of the ladies being expected and especially provided for. The animals now found upon the tract include the back bear, wild-cat, otter, mink, fox, opossum, and deer, together with several varieties of squirrel and rabbit, while the varieties of game bird embrace the woodcock, ruffed grouse, quail, duck, and pigeon. The lakes, eight in number, are already well stocked with fish of different kinds; and in the larger sheet of water, which is nearly three miles in circumference, a large number of black bass have been placed. Piscatorial works have been established, from which trout and other fish can be bred by millions and turned into the lakes and streams, keeping them always well stocked. The different varieties of game will be bred in large numbers in inclosures adapted to the purpose, and the young, as soon as they are able to take care of themselves, will be turned into the main park.

Under proper management Blooming Grove Park can not fail to become one of the most popular places of resort within reach of New York. Its scenery, and the facilities it affords for sport of every variety, are illustrated in the sketches on page 820.



IN THE TRENCHES.—[See Poem on Page 818.]


Alfred Fredericks

VICTORY.—[Drawn by Mr. Alfred Fredericks.]

IN THE TRENCHES.

[See Illustration on Page 816.]

I saw you, when we went away
With all the martial clang and rattle
Of trump and drum, the trim array
Of uniform, bedecked for battle;
I saw you, in the Market Place
You stood and cheered in lusty fashion,
A glow upon your honest face,
Your heart all big with martial passion.

You thought—at least such thoughts I found
If I then read aright your features—
How poor your trade of tilling ground
To that of killing human creatures,
How mean your blouse by our gay coats,
How dull your life, how small your chances,
To those that came from cutting throats,
Of winning fame and girls' bright glances.

You thought of us in time of peace,
A lounging, lazy lot of fellows,
Carousing, laughing without cease,
And making worthy people jealous;
Imagined us in time of war
As living in a camp of pleasure,
And winning battles by the score
As gayly as we tread a measure.

And thus your thoughts were shaped, my lad:
"When I have grown a little older
I'll throw away my pick and spade,
And take a musket on my shoulder.
I'll be as brave and fine, in sooth,
As any who have sought for glory."
Ah, friend, you know but half the truth,
And half the truth is but a story.

There's toil and hunger, cold and wet,
Deep roads, bleak nights, and sodden trenches,
Sharp wounds, disease that's sharper yet,
Damp lodging, and death-breeding stenches.
Think twice, my friend, before you go
To strut in War's grim play as masker;
For there's a little girl, I know,
Would have you, if you would but ask her.

And there was once a girl I knew,
I asked her, and we two were married;
She loved at first, as not a few
Then loved me, for the coat I carried;
She loved me for my martial air,
But better love soon grew upon her,
And now she hates the coat I wear,
And so should I—had it not won her.

Ofttimes at night, when all alone,
My thoughts fly homeward, and I wonder—
Ah, lass of mine, now I am gone
Dost pray and long for me out yonder?
And wearily the time doth trail
Its laggard course most melancholy.
Ah, friend! if reason can't prevail,
Let love persuade you of your folly.

We dig and delve like you, my friend,
But far the harder toil is ours;
And we dig for another end,
Of death and plague we are the sowers.
Be happy, friend, and think not then
The soldier better than the peasant,
For 'tis not good, this killing men,
And being killed is still less pleasant.

BRED IN THE BONE.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Gwendoline's Harvest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE MINE AT MIDNIGHT.

Mr. Balfour, for so we must call him now, since he is attired respectably, travels first-class, and, moreover, even looks like a gentleman, did not go to the Midlands, as he had given out was his purpose, but took his ticket to Plymouth, to which place the railway had just extended in those days. He bought neither book nor newspaper, but sat in the corner, with his hat drawn over his eyes, for the whole nine hours, thinking. From Plymouth he posted to Turlock, where he arrived late at night, and without having broken fast since morning. He took no pains either to divulge or conceal his name; he asked no questions, nor was asked any except "whether he preferred to sleep between sheets or blankets"—for Turlock was still an out-of-the-way region, and the little inn about three-quarters of a century behind our modern caravansaries, with their "daily fly-bills" and "electric bells."

After dinner, which he scarcely touched, he wandered out—it was his habit to do so, as he told the hostler, who was also the night-chamberlain—and did not return till long after midnight. He observed, as he gave the man half a crown for sitting up for him to so late an hour, that the moon looked very fine upon the sea.

"You must be a painter, I guess, Sir," said the hostler, with a grin of intelligence.

"Why?" asked Balfour, sharply. "What makes you think that?"

"Well, Sir," returned the man, apologetically, "I mean no offense; but it is always the gentlemen-painters—or, at least, so they say at Gethin, and I wish more of 'em came here—as is so free with their money, and so fond of the moon."

"Lunatics, eh?" said the new arrival, with a loud, quick laugh. "Well, I'm no painter, my friend."

Then he took his candle and retired to his room, but not to bed. He disarranged the bedclothes and rumpled the pillow; then walked softly to and fro in his slippers until morning. On the following day he made no attempt to visit his newly acquired property, but strolled about the harbor, or stood in sheltered and, therefore, secluded places in the rocks, watching the winter sea. His meals at the inn were sent down almost as they were served up, yet he showed no sign of weakness or fatigue, but in the evening sallied forth as before. The night was very cloudy, with driving showers, and the landlady good-naturedly warned him of the danger of venturing on the cliff-path, which was narrow, and had been broken in places by a late storm.

"I will take care," said he, mechanically.

"Perhaps you would like supper—some cold meat, or something—since you have eaten so little, placed in your sitting-room against your return?"

"Yes, yes," said he, approvingly; "you are right; I shall doubtless be hungry to-night." Then he went out into the bleak, black night.

He hung about the harbor as before until near eleven, when all the lights of the little town had faded away, save that at the inn, which was burning for him alone; then he climbed the cliff, and pushed southward along the very path against the dangers of which he had been cautioned. He walked fast, too, with his gaze fixed before him, like one who has an appointment of importance for which there is a fear of being late. Presently he struck inland over the down, when he began to move less quickly, and to peer cautiously before him. All was dark: the grass on which he trod seemed to be black, until he suddenly arrived at a large circular patch of it which *was* black, and made the surrounding soil less sombre by contrast. This was the mouth of a great pit; and he sat on the brink of it, with his face to seaward, and his ear in his hollowed hand, listening. Nothing was to be heard, however, but the occasional scud of the rain, and the ceaseless roar of the now distant waves. Far out to sea there was a round red light, which fell upon him at regular intervals, its absence making the place which it had filled more dark than elsewhere. It had a weird effect, as though some evil spirit was keeping watch upon him, but he knew it for what it was—the revolving lamp of a light-house. Presently, in the same direction as the red light, he perceived a white one, which, though moving slowly, was certainly advancing toward him; nor did it, like the other, become obscure.

"He is coming," said Balfour to himself with a great sigh. He had begun to have doubts of the other's keeping his appointment; though, indeed, it was not yet the time that he had himself fixed for it. The light came on, quite close to the ground, and with two motions—across as well as along. It was that of a lantern, which guided thus the footsteps of a tall stout man, who bore upon his shoulders a ladder so long that it both projected above his head and trailed behind him. Balfour rose up, and stood motionless in the path of the new-comer till this light fell full upon him. "Hollo!" cried the man, a little startled by the white, worn face that so suddenly confronted him, although he had been looking for it. "Is that you, Mr. Balfour?"

"Yes. Hush! There is no need to mention names."

"Quite true, Sir; but you gave me quite a turn," remonstrated the other, "coming out of the darkness like a ghost. This Wheal Danes, at midnight, puts queer thoughts into one's head."

"John Trevethick was not afraid of coming here," observed Balfour.

"Well, so he always said. He told me at the last that he only pretended to believe in any of the foolish stories that folks talk about, and in favor of which he used to argue. But he's dead and gone, and *that* don't make this place less uncanny. Nobody since his time has been a-near it; they think he haunts the pit, it seems, so every body gives it a wide berth, both night and day. We shall see, however, and pretty soon, I hope, whether that notion can not be got over. Why, in six months' time we ought to have a hundred men at work here."

"Let us hope so. But in the mean time you say nobody comes here even in the daytime, eh?"

"Never. The place lies out of the way, you see: about midway between the cliff-path and the road."

"That's well," said Balfour, mechanically. "And you have not been babbling to any one of our prospects, Mr. Coe—nor of me, I hope?"

"Certainly not, Sir; that was the first article of our partnership, as I understood. Not a soul at Gethin has heard a whisper of Wheal Danes, or of your coming; they think I'm fast asleep at my own house, this instant. But it's been hard work lugging this cursed ladder up here in such a breakneck night as this, *I* can tell you, and I am glad enough to rest a bit."

"Well, it's all over now, Mr. Coe."

"Except that I have got to take it back again," grumbled Solomon.

"True, I had forgotten that. We must not leave it here, must we?"

"Of course not. I do not complain of the trouble, however, only you must admit I've kept my tryst under some little difficulties, eh, partner?" and Solomon chuckled self-approval.

"You will be paid in full for all, my good Sir," answered Balfour, gravely; "that is," he added, hastily, "if the mine should turn out as you predict. How deep is it? That ladder of yours will surely never reach the bottom."

"No, indeed. Did I not tell you that there are three levels, each about the same depth? The copper lode lies at the bottom of the last, in the northeastern corner. You will find I have concealed nothing from you. Well, I have got my breath again now. Are you ready, Mr. Balfour?"

"Quite; but walk slowly, I beg, for your lantern is very dim."

"Yes, yes. But wait a minute; I came here yesterday and hid something." Solomon seated himself upon the edge of the pit, with his legs hanging over, and began to peer and feel about him.

"Take care what you are at," cried Balfour, eagerly; "you may slip down and kill yourself, sliding along like that."

Solomon laughed contemptuously. "Never fear, Sir; I have had too many mischances with mines to fear them. I have fallen down worse places, and been shut up in others far deeper and darker than Wheal Danes, without food or candle, for a week, and yet lived through it. The shaft has not yet been dug, I reckon, as will prove— Oh, here's the torch."

He dragged from under the overhanging rim of the pit a piece of wood like a bludgeon, one end of which was smeared with pitch; and placing the lantern with its back to the wind, pushed the stick inside, which came out a torch, flaming and dropping flame.

"There's our corpse-candle!" cried Coe, triumphantly; "that would keep us without witnesses, even if any one were so bold as, in a night like this, to venture near Wheal Danes, to trespass on Tom Tiddler's ground, where we shall pick up the gold and the silver." There was a wild excitement, quite foreign to his habit, about this man, and he whirled the torch about his head in flaring circles.

"Keep your wits steady, if you please," observed Balfour, sternly.

"It is over now, Sir, and I am in the counting-house again," answered Solomon, submissively. "I felt a little exhilarated at the prospect of plucking a fruit that has been ripening for fifty years, that's all. This Wheal Danes is the very aloe of mines, and it is about to blossom for us only. You had better take the torch yourself; the lantern will serve for me; but just show a light here while I place the ladder."

Balfour held the blazing pine aloft, and disclosed the gaping mouth of the old pit, its margin wet with the rain, and its sheer sides slippery with the damps of ages.

"It would be easy enough to get down without this contrivance," observed Solomon, grimly, as he carefully adjusted the ladder, the foot of which was lost in gloom; "but it would take us some trouble to find our way back again without wings."

"In daylight, however, I dare say it looks easier," said Balfour, carelessly.

"It may look so, but it ain't. Nothing but a sea-gull ever goes in and out of Wheal Danes; even the bats keep there, where indeed they are snug and warm enough."

"It doesn't feel very warm at present," replied the other, who did not seem to be in a hurry to explore this unpromising territory.

"Ay, but you wait till we get to the lower level; you might live there, if the rats would let you, for a whole winter, and never need a fire."

"Oh, there are rats, are there? Why, what do *they* live upon?"

"Well, that's *their* look-out," laughed Solomon; "they would be very glad to have *us*, no doubt. It would be only just in my case, for I have lived on them before now; with rats and water a man may do very well for a week or two."

"What! there is water laid on in this establishment, is there?"

"No; the low levels are quite dry. But come, let us see for ourselves. We are losing time. I will start first, and do you follow close upon me, but without treading on my fingers;" and Solomon placed his heavy foot upon the first rung.

"No, no," said Balfour, drawing back; "I will not trust myself on the same ladder with a man of your weight. When you are at the bottom give me a call, and then I'll join you."

"As you like, Sir," responded Solomon, civilly; but his thick lips curled contemptuously, and he muttered, "So this man is lily-livered after all; so much the better: it is well to have a coward for a partner."

The next moment his descending form was lost in the gloom.

Balfour waited, torch in hand, until an "All right," that sounded like a voice from the tomb, assured him that his companion had reached terra firma. Then he descended very carefully, and joined him.

"Stand close to the wall, Sir, while I move the ladder," said Coe; "your head don't seem made for these deep places. Ah, here's the spot. This is a drop of twenty feet."

"And what is the depth of the last level?"

"Five-and-twenty. But don't you be afraid; the ladder will just reach it, only you won't have so much to hold on by at the top. It's only the getting down that's unpleasant; you'll find going back quite easy work. And then, just think of the lode!"

Solomon began to be anxious lest his companion's fears should induce him to give up the expedition altogether. It had never entered into his mind that what was so easy to himself could prove so formidable to another; and, besides, he had somehow concluded that Balfour was a man of strong nerves.

"Make haste," said the latter, in the tone of one who has achieved some mental victory: "let us go through with it."

In the second level it was perceptibly warmer. Dark, noiseless objects began to flit about the torch, and once something soft struck against Balfour's foot, and then scampered away.

He looked behind him, and not a trace of light was to be discerned, while before him was impenetrable gloom, except for the feeble gleam of his companion's lantern. Above him the roof was just discernible, from which long strings of fungi, white and clammy, hung down and brushed against his face as he moved slowly forward.

"Come on!" said Solomon, impatiently, whose spirits seemed to rise in this familiar scene. "We are only a few score yards from Golconda."

Balfour stopped short. "I thought you said there was another level?" There was a strange look of disappointment in his face, and even of rage.

"Yes, yes, and here it is," cried the other, putting down the ladder, which he had carried from place to place. "It is only depth that separates us from it. They dug well, those Romans, but left off, as you shall see, upon the very threshold of fortune. You have only to be a little careful, because the ladder does not quite reach."

He descended, as before, in advance, while Balfour followed slowly and cautiously. "How steep and smooth the rock is!" observed he, examining its surface.

"Yes indeed; it is like a wall of marble. But what matters that? It baffles the rats, but not us. Here is the land of gold, here is— What the devil are you at?"

Solomon, in his impatience, had stridden on to the object of his desires; and Balfour, halting midway in his descent, suddenly retraced his footsteps, and having reached the top, was dragging the ladder up after him.

Solomon heard this noise, with which his ea was familiar, and his tone had some alarm in i as he cried out, "I say, no tricks, Mr. Balfour."

There was no reply. He hastened back to the spot he had just left, and from thence could dimly perceive his late companion sitting on the verge of the steep wall, peering down upon him.

"Come, come, a joke is a joke," remonstrated Coe. "What a fellow you are to be at such games when an important matter is at stake! Why, here is the lode, man."

"It is very valuable, I dare say, Mr. Coe, but it is worth more to one man than to two."

"Great Heaven! what do you mean?" cried Solomon, while a sudden sweat bedewed his forehead. "You would not murder a man to dissolve a partnership?"

"Certainly not. I shall leave him to die, that's all. He and the rats will have to settle it together. Six months hence, perhaps, we may have a picnic here, and explore the place. Then we shall find, where you are now standing, some well-picked bones and the metal part of your lantern. That will cause quite an excitement; and we shall search further, and in the northeast corner there will be found a copper lode. I will take your word for that."

"Mr. Balfour, I am sure you will not do this," pleaded the wretched man. "It is not in man's nature to treat a fellow-creature with such barbarity. You are trying to frighten me, I know, and I own you have succeeded. I know what it is to be shut up in desolate, dark places alone, out of reach of succor; and even for eight-and-forty hours or so it is terrible."

"*What must it be, then, to suffer so for twenty years?*"

It was a third voice that seemed to wake the echoes of that lonesome cavern. Solomon looked up in terror, and beheld a third face, that of Robert Balfour, but transfigured. He held the glowing brand above him, so that his deep-lined features could be distinctly seen, and they were all instinct with a deadly rage and malice. There was a fire in his eyes that might well have been taken for that of madness, and Solomon's heart sank within him as he looked.

"Mr. Balfour," said he, in a coaxing voice, "come and look at your treasure. It sparkles in the light of my lantern like gold, and you shall have it all if you please; I do not wish to share it with you."

"So you take me for a madman, do you? Look again; look fixedly upon me, Solomon Coe. You do not recognize me even yet? I do not wonder. It is not you that are dull, but I that am so changed by wrong and misery. My own mother does not know me, nor the woman of whom you robbed me nineteen years ago. Yes, you know me now. I am Richard Yorke!"

"Mercy, mercy!" gasped Solomon, dropping on his knees.

Richard laughed long and loud. The echoes of his ghastly mirth died slowly away, and when his voice was heard again it was stern and solemn. "It is my turn at last, man; I am the judge today, as you were the witness nineteen years ago who doomed me wrongfully to shame and misery. Night and day I have had this hour in my mind; the thought of it has been my only joy—in chains and darkness, in toil and torment, fasting and wakeful on my prison pillow, I have thought of nothing else. I did not know how it would come about, but I was sure that it would come. You swore falsely once that I was a thief; I am now about to be a murderer, and your whitening bones will not be able to witness against me."

"I never swore it, Mr. Yorke," pleaded Solomon, passionately.

"Your memory is defective," answered Richard, gloomily; "you forget that I was in court myself on that occasion. You did your very worst to blacken me before judge and jury, and you succeeded."

"But it was Trevethick—it was father-in-law who urged me to do it; it was indeed."

"I know it," replied the other, coldly; "he was a greater villain than yourself, but unhappily an older one. Death has robbed me of him, and made my vengeance incomplete. Still there is something left for me. While you die slowly here— But no; I shall wait at Turlock for that to happen. A strong man like you, who have rats to live upon, may last ten days, perhaps. Well, when you are dead, I shall return to your London house, and lead your son to ruin. You permitted me to begin the work in hopes of getting half this mine; I shall finish it while you are in sole possession of the whole of it."

"Devil!" cried Solomon, furiously.

"The appellation is a true one, my good Sir; but I was a man once. Evil is now my good, thanks to your teaching. Look at me—look at me, and see what you have brought me to at eight-and-thirty! You almost drove me mad, and it was easy, for I had the Carew blood in my veins; but I contrived to keep my wits for the enjoyment of this hour. I feel very old, and have few pleasures left, you see. It is impossible, unfortunately, to return here and see you rot; there would be danger in it; just the least risk in the world of somebody coming here to look for us. I must be off now, too, for there is a worthy man sitting up for me at the inn, and I have got to take this ladder back to Gethin."

A cry of mingled rage and despair burst forth from Richard's foe.

"What! you had calcu'ated upon the absence of that ladder producing suspicion? It is curious how great wits jump together: that had also struck me. I shall take it back, for I well know where it ought to be; I am quite familiar with your house at Gethin, as you may remember, perhaps. You may keep the lantern, which will not be missed; but, if you will take my advice, you will put out the light, to preserve the candle—as an article of food. Put it somewhere where the rats can not eat it, and it may prolong your torments half a day. You can also eat the horn of the lantern, but you will doubtless preserve that for a *bonne bouche*. You are not superstitious, else I would suggest that your father-in-law's spirit is exceedingly likely to haunt that northeastern corner down yonder."

Here there was a dull scrambling noise, a violent struggle as of feet and hands against a wall, and then a heavy thud.

"Now that is very foolish of you, Solomon, to attempt to get out of a place which you yourself informed me could never be escaped from without wings. I sincerely hope you have not hurt yourself much. I hear you moving slowly about again, so I may leave you without anxiety. Good-by, Solomon." Richard waited a moment, a frightful figure of hate and triumph, peering down into the pit beneath, where all was now dark. "You are too proud to speak to a convict, perhaps. Well, well, that is but natural in so honest a man. I take my leave, then. You have no message, I conclude, for home?"

An inarticulate cry, like that of a wild animal caught in a snare, was the only reply.

"That is the worst of letting his candle go out," mused Richard, aloud; "some rat has got hold of him already." Then, with a steady foot and smiling face, which showed how all his previous fears had been assumed, he retraced his steps, and mounted to the upper air. The sky was clearer now; and, casting the torch, for which he had no further need, far into the mine, and shouldering the ladder, he started for Gethin at good speed. It was past two o'clock before he reached his inn at Turlock; but before he retired to rest he sat down to the supper that had been prepared for him, but without the appetite which he had anticipated.

SWEARING IN ENGLAND.

Lord Byron, recounting his famous hero's first adventure in England, says:

"Juan did not understand a word
  Of English, save their shibboleth 'God damn!'
And even that he had so rarely heard
  He sometimes thought 'twas only their 'Salam,'
Or 'God be with you!' and 'tis not absurd
  To think so; for, half English as I am
(To my misfortune), never can I say
I heard them wish 'God with you' save that way."

It is not pleasant to know that the use of a specially repulsive imprecation is accepted abroad as indisputable proof of an Englishman's nationality, but it is true nevertheless. A popular living actor tells a good story illustrative of the melancholy fact. Driving about the streets of Havana, his horse stumbled in a puddle, and splashed a parade-bound Spanish soldier from head to foot. Drawing his sword, the angry soldier fiercely attacked the unlucky black driver of the volante, and by the time the astonished comedian could jump out of the vehicle had sent the man bleeding to the ground. Being arrayed in a linen tail-coat and Panama hat, the crowd, attracted by the row, took the actor for an American, and made no attempt to stop the soldier from assaulting him in the same style. As his would-be murderer rushed toward him, the Englishman put himself in an attitude of defense, and in his extremity shouted, "D—— your eyes! what do you mean?" upon which the excited spectators roared out, "Inglese! Inglese!" and the soldier pulled himself up, and contented himself with marching off with the vehicle, while a shopkeeper kindly invited the actor to take shelter in his shop.

Swearing lost caste in Anne's reign; at least the *Tatler* assures us it was eschewed by all well-bred men, and left to bullies, who, hoping sound and noise might pass for sense and courage, delighted in "'ounds!" "thunder!" "furies!" and such rumbling expletives, and adorned their conversation with oaths and blasphemies, by way of tropes and figures. It divides the lovers of these excrescences of talk into two sects, the high and the low—the low swearer being generally a phlegmatic, the high swearer a choleric coxcomb. "The man of phlegm is sensible of the emptiness of his discourses, and will tell you that 'I' fackins, such a thing is true!' or if you warm him a little he may run into passion, and cry, 'Ods bodikins, you do not say right!' But the high affects a sublimity in dullness, and invokes hell and damnation at the breaking of a glass or the slowness of the drawer." The *Tatler's* assertion that swearing had gone out of fashion is, however, contradicted by the story of the Duchess of Marlborough calling upon Murray, afterward Lord Mansfield, and not finding him in, refusing to leave her name. "I could not make out, Sir, who she was," said his clerk, "but she swore so dreadfully that I am sure she must be a lady of quality!" Nor could there be said to be any sign of reform in another part of the kingdom. Swift, in one of his famous "Drapier Letters," says it is unnecessary to state that swearing is a pet vice among Irishmen, and computes that one-third of the population may be designated "swearing souls." He proposes a tax of twelve-pence per oath; calculating to thereby raise ninety-one thousand pounds a year from five thousand gentlemen able to afford an oath every day, twenty-five thousand pounds from ten thousand farmers, and a like amount from the rest of the people. This he calls a modest calculation, since every one knows there is a much greater consumption of oaths, Dublin alone containing a hundred pretty fellows that swear at least fifty oaths a head daily, while a small Connaught fair was good for three thousand, and the militia on muster-day would get through three hundred in the course of eight hours. "It is true," he owns, "it would be impossible to turn all oaths into ready money; for a shilling is so great a duty on swearing that, if it was carefully exacted, the common people might as well pretend to drink wine as to swear, and an oath would be as rare among them as a clean shirt."

In 1774 English ladies minced out "O Lud!" with their pretty lips, the Crabtrees and Backbites larding their scandal with 'slife, 'sdeath, or 'fore gad. Honest Bob Acres, reveling in such eccentric exclamations as "odds whips and wheels," "odds blushes and blooms," "odds triggers and flints," declares "damns have had their day," being superseded by a new method of swearing, "invented by a commander of our militia, who says that there is no meaning in the common oaths, and that nothing but their antiquity makes them respectable; because, he says, the ancients would never stick to an oath or two, but would say by Jove, or by Bacchus, or by Mars, or by Venus, or by Pallas, according to the sentiment; so that, to swear with propriety, the oath should be an echo to the sense, and this is called the oath referential or sentimental swearing." Ridiculous as all this seems, Sheridan was guilty of little or no exaggeration; such was the practice of the dandies of the day, who thus avoided what Lady Wallace calls the *grossièreté* of an oath, although not so utterly as her own Daffodil with his D. I. O., for "damme, I'm off!"—an example of initial swearing perhaps surpassed by the official who condensed a refusal into three letters by writing U. B. D. on the corner of the applicant's epistle.

AMERICANS LEAVING PARIS.

On the morning of the 27th of October early risers in Paris were surprised at seeing a long file of heavily loaded carriages wending its way toward the Porte de Charenton. This little caravan consisted of some Americans and Russians who, with no small difficulty, had obtained permission to leave Paris.

After passing through the Porte de Charenton (where the sketch on our first page was taken) the party proceeded to the Prussian outposts *via* Creteil. At a little distance from this village our travelers fell in with the German sentinels, and, after the necessary preliminaries and verification of passports, were blindfolded and conducted with their backs to the enemy to Châtenay, where they staid the night. Some were lucky enough to procure a comfortable meal and a night's lodging in the house of a French lady; but the others, less fortunate, passed the night supperless in their carriages. Next morning, however, they were taken to Versailles, where a good breakfast speedily consoled them for past annoyances.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Inventions, strange and peculiar, increase apace. The necessities of war quicken the brains of thinking men, and the results may be of immense value to the world. The latest idea relates to a novel method of directing balloons in their aerial course. The plan suggested was to harness four vigorous eagles to the balloon, these being believed to be able to conduct it against the strongest currents. The birds were to be guided by a long pole, at the end of which a large piece of raw meat is placed as an excitant to them. The driver is expected to change the position of the pole according to the direction he wishes to take. In accordance with instructions given by the inventor, a trial was recently made in Paris, in the presence of several scientific gentlemen. Four eagles, belonging to the Jardin des Plantes, were found competent to raise a balloon charged with a weight of ten thousand pounds. The result of the experiment is reported as most satisfactory, though we are not informed how the eagles behaved. It is inferred that their conduct was creditable, as a voyage with them was immediately planned. When birds of strength will do our bidding, horses will have a chance to rest, and even steam will be left in the back-ground.

The burial of the dead, after a battle, is always a difficult task. A French physician strongly urges the desirability of disposing of the bodies of the slain in the Franco-German war by incremation rather than by sepulture. Although there is a feeling against this mode, considerations of various kinds render the matter one of serious moment.

Secretary Spinner has in charge many articles of value in the vaults of the Treasury. Among these are a large bottle of attar of roses presented to President Van Buren by the Imaum of Siam, valued at $800, a lot of fine shawls, and other rare gifts presented to different Presidents.

Bereaved husbands in that peace-loving State of Pennsylvania sometimes display a wonderfully forgiving spirit. Not long since a married woman eloped from Pittston with a friend of her husband. On being arrested in their flight the recreant wife admitted that she loved her new fancy, and was weary of her legitimate spouse. Forthwith the husband gave her to his friend with his blessing, and a suit of her best clothes. In return the tender-hearted friend bestowed his Sunday garments and his best boots on the forsaken man. So the whole affair was amicably arranged, and nobody killed!

It is estimated that three million francs have slipped into the Papal purse since the occupation of Rome by Victor Emanuel.

The Gilbert Library is a novel enterprise started in Chicago by Miss Linda Gilbert, who is an unceasing worker in the cause of prison reform. In her endeavors to reform criminals she has succeeded in establishing a library for the benefit of the prisoners who will be immured in the new county jail. The library-room has been handsomely furnished, and adorned with plants, pictures, and artistic ornaments. There are between three and four thousand volumes, which are neatly marked and covered. There are sixty cells in this new jail ready for occupants; and we should suppose it would be a favorite with those accustomed to resort to such enforced homes from time to time.

It is announced in the French journals that the Prussian War Department has issued orders that their French prisoners shall be furnished with winter clothing, of which an immense quantity was found in Strasburg. The prisoners confined in the fortresses of Silesia have also been supplied with winter clothing. Prisoners, even private soldiers, are permitted to reside in private houses if their education and conduct be such as to justify such privilege.

The Quirinal at Rome seems to be regarded as too sacred a place for Victor Emanuel to inhabit—perhaps he thinks so himself. The history of the exceeding sacredness with which the Quirinal Palace is invested is given as follows: It was once the property of Cardinal D'Este. His Eminence yearly invited Pope Gregory to make him a visit there. This Pope became very fond of the palace, prolonged his *villegiature* to an almost indefinite period, and at last proposed to buy it of his host. What could Cardinal D'Este do? Of course nothing but to say that he was too much honored in being allowed to place it at his Holiness's disposition. Now was this a gift to the Pope Gregory, the King Gregory, or the Pope-King Gregory? This is the perplexing question which is exciting so many fears lest, by taking what belongs to Pius IX. as Pope, his curse be evoked.

Military manuals and exercise-books have been in enormous demand since the commencement of the war. There have been sold no less than 840,000 copies of the "École du Soldat," 170,000 of the "École du Bataillon," 415,000 of the "Service des Places," besides hundreds of thousands of cheap abridgments of various kinds.

It is announced that Mr. Barnum, tired of a life of leisure and inactivity, proposes to re-enter the showman's arena, from which he retired some years ago, and startle the community with a grand "triplex" mammoth enterprise which shall surpass all former achievements of the kind. With his long experience in the showman's business, Mr. Barnum possesses just the sort of talent required to make such an enterprise succeed.

Two elegantly constructed palace coaches have been recently finished for the Erie Railroad. They have received the names of "The Morning Star," and "The Evening Star," and are the first of twenty which have been ordered, to facilitate through travel to Cincinnati, Louisville, and other Southern places. These cars are of walnut, finely finished in every particular, are lighted with gas, and contain, each, seats and sleeping-berths for forty-eight persons. Each car is 56 feet long, and eleven wide.

"Oliver Optic"—what boy does not know Oliver Optic?—recently visited Hans Christian Andersen, and describes him as tall, rather round-shouldered, with iron-gray hair; not handsome, but with a smile so genial and pleasant that it makes one love him at once. His manner is earnest, though simple and childlike; and he spoke without reserve of a Christmas story he was writing. He is about sixty-five years of age.

Professor Winlock, of Cambridge, is now engaged in photographing the sun by the use of a single lens objective, four and a half inches in diameter, and forty feet focal length. It is his intention to photograph the sun every fair day.

San Francisco exhibits some singular lecturers. We quote from a speech recently made in that city:

"They say man was created first. S'posin' he was! Ain't first experiments always failures? If I was a betting man I'd bet two dollars and a half they are. The only decent thing about him, any how, was a rib, and that went to make something better. [Applause.] And then they throw it in our face about Eve taking that apple. I'll bet five dollars Adam boosted her up in the tree, and then only gave her the core. And what did he do when he was found out? True to his masculine instinct, he sneaked behind Eve's Grecian bend, and said, 'Twarn't me, 'twas her.'"

We omitted to mention that it was a lady orator who was thus eloquent.

On Thanksgiving-day the prison rules in the Ohio Penitentiary were relaxed, and the men allowed to converse with each other without restraint. But they were absolutely silent for a while, not knowing how to use the freedom granted. At length a whisper was heard; then a suppressed tone; then a cheery salutation; and at last a general buzz proclaimed that all were enjoying the genial dinner-hour in the highest degree.

An Englishman, writing from the French capital, remarks that it is not the luxurious Parisians who are the real sufferers as yet. For a few days these people look all the better for a little lowering diet. But the sick and the delicate have a terrible time of it. Funerals are as common in the streets as cabs. Once attacked by any lowering fever or disorder there is very little chance for any one. As the rich and the luxurious begin to really feel the famine, their frames will sink very rapidly under the attacks of fatigue and cold and bad weather. Fortification duty on a rainy night is not so bad after a tolerable dinner, but when it is accompanied by a diet of dry bread and *vin ordinaire*, it is sure to make its victims. There will be dreadful sights in Paris before many days are past.

Eleven Japanese students recently arrived in this city, having left their own homes for the purpose of perfecting themselves in the English language. Five of them remain in New York, under a private tutor, until fitted to enter upon a collegiate course of study. The others go to England to try the English universities. They are all intelligent young men, and are quite proficient in the English language.

One of the physicians in Burlington, Vermont, driving into town on election morning, was met by a friend, who hailed him with the question:

"Have you voted?"

"Not yet," replied the doctor: "but I have been out all night after a voter. I got him safe, too."

"When will he vote?"

"Oh, about twenty-one years from now."

Some of the reported instances of the speed of carrier pigeons seem scarcely credible. On one occasion, we are told, a gentleman of Cologne, having business to transact at Paris, laid a wager that he would let his friends know of his arrival within three hours after his reaching Paris. The bet was eagerly taken. He went to Paris, carrying with him two pigeons which had a young brood at Cologne. He arrived at Paris at ten o'clock one morning, started off the birds at eleven, and they arrived at Cologne about ten minutes past one. This is nearly 150 miles an hour—a marvel that seems to require corroboration.

The siege of Paris has the effect to make some commodities more plentiful in other places. London reaps some benefits therefrom in the way of provisions. For example, the fragrant Brittany butter, which found a large and ready market in Paris, is now much more abundant than usual in London.

The last great siege of Paris was in 1590, and continued over three months. A frightful record exists of the misery and despair of the besieged, and every humane person must pray that the horrors of those three months may never be repeated. Every thing which was thought by any possibility to contain nutriment was used to sustain life, however disgusting or unpalatable. Hunger made men savages—and in some instances even cannibals. One account states the number who died from hunger at 100,000.

An eminent authority in regard to diamonds—Mr. Emanuel—states that the value of diamonds has depreciated thirty per cent. in consequence of the quantity offered for sale in London by French families.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The Methodists of Kent, Connecticut, have lately had a revival. Among others who were awakened to their true condition was a peddler who does a large business in the western part of that county and in Dutchess County. He was received on probation in the usual way. After a few weeks, and before the expiration of his term of probation, he went to the pastor and requested that his name be stricken off. Said he, "I can't stand it no longer; I have to deal with them York State fellows, and I can't live so."

KNOTTY QUESTIONS FOR NATURALISTS.

Is a sole's female companion a "*feme sole*," or only a loose fish?

Is not a parrot's native tongue a Polly-glot?

Is a *bête noir* eatable like white-bait?

Can you change a guinea fowl for two half-sovereigns and a shilling?

Are book-worms the same as leaf-insects?

Does the tapir consume its own oil, and is it liable to spontaneous combustion?

Do the cows in Holland understand *low* Dutch?

Does it "settle" a duck's bill to cut it off? if so, can you give the receipt?

Are horses in a stable liable to *stamp* duty?

What becomes of all the crows which the cocks give every day?

Is cream-laid paper producible by cows, or is it produced, like eggs, out of fowl pickings?

Could a grasshopper play at cricket if it had the mind to do so?

Is there any thing in reason that the 'possum can't do?

Is the beard of an oyster liable to turn gray?

The aurora borealis was recently visible in England, and excited great astonishment. A traveler who happened to be in Leicestershire at the time found the inhabitants of a certain village gazing intently at the phenomenon. One of these observers said: "There is France for you." The traveler was rather taken aback, but found upon inquiry that the villagers all believed the red light in the sky to be the reflection of Paris on fire. One of the villagers said: "Gad, how it burns!" and another exclaimed, "They're gettin' it *hunder* now."

What isle do maids steer for?—Isle of Man.

A Boston critic says of a recent Nilsson concert that "every note fell upon the ear like a spray of diamonds." Such a note would pass any where.

Where should gardeners go?—To Botany Bay.

A minister of the "Kirk" of Scotland once discovered his wife asleep in the midst of his homily on the Sabbath. So, pausing in the steady, and possibly somewhat monotonous flow of his oratory, he broke forth with his personal address, sharp and clear, but very deliberate: "Susan!" Susan opened her eyes and ears in a twinkling, as did all other dreamers in the house whether asleep or awake. "Susan, I didna marry ye for your wealth, sin' ye hae'd none! And I didna marry ye for your beauty, that the hail congregation can see. And if ye have no grace, I have made but a sair bargain!" Susan's slumbers were effectually broken up for that day.

They keep "Knew Syder Fur Sall" at a Texas grocery.

Men are like potatoes—they do not know how soon they may be in hot water.

Why is a solar eclipse like a mother thrashing her own child?—Because it's a hiding of the sun.

A young woman in Sacramento, California, is threatening to get a divorce on the novel ground of "protracted festivities." She says her husband celebrated his marriage by getting drunk, and has kept up the festival ever since.

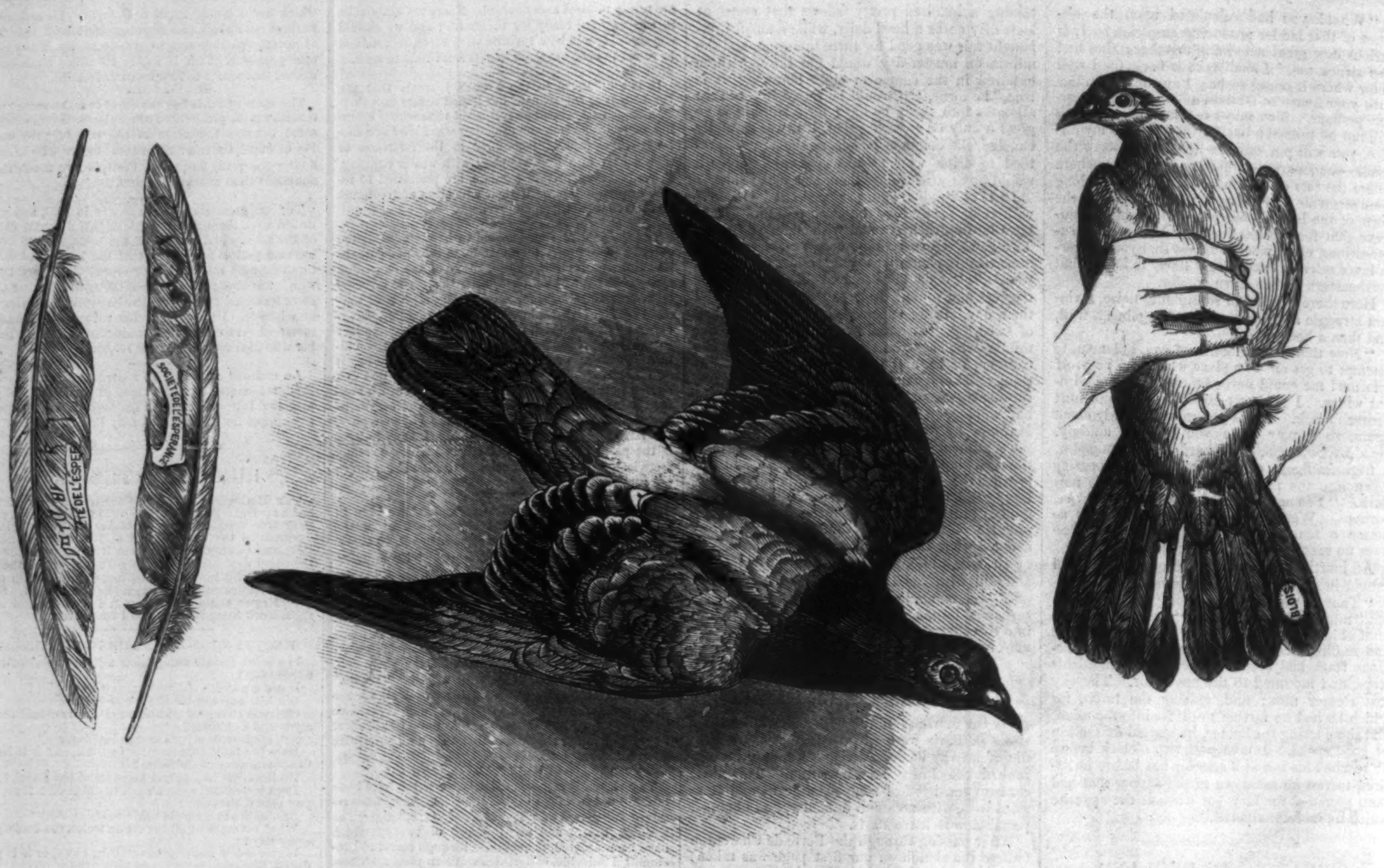
Twenty married women in this country propose to become preachers. Heretofore they have only been lecturers.

There is a chap out West so mean that he boils two bone buttons in a pint of water. This gruel lasts him exactly one month. He has used the buttons so long that he has boiled all the holes out of them. He keeps warm in winter time by standing under his next-door neighbor's gas-lamp.

How to Get Rid of Rats and Mice—Read Martin Tupper to them half an hour a day.

An artist showing his pictures to a customer received the following sharp retort: "Well, I don't think much of this," said the customer, holding up the picture before him. "Don't think much of it! Why, that's a very rare print—a very rare print indeed, Sir!" "Rare! I've no doubt it is *rare*—it certainly is not *well done!*"

The following specimen of bar eloquence in a not-distant Western State was actually delivered, as we know from a correspondent, as here reported in his notes. The case was the trial of a person on a writ of *inquirendo lunatico*. Which side the "learned" and eloquent advocate was on it is somewhat difficult to ascertain from his speech: "The counsel on the other side, Sir, misapprehends the principle involved in this important case. Law, Sir, is very simple, if we understand its elementary principles. The principle of this case, Sir, is to be found in the horn-books of the profession. I hold in my hand, Sir, a volume of Blackstone, Sir, the great author of the English law; yes, Sir, I hold in my hand, Sir, that glorious *magnus chartus*, the foundation and bulwark of English liberty, which was wrung by the illustrious King John, sword in hand, from the bloody barons on the banks of the pleasant Bonnymede, on that momentous occasion! But, Sir, I did not intend to make a speech, Sir, and as I have not examined the question, Sir, I submit it to the Court with these few and incongruvial remarks."

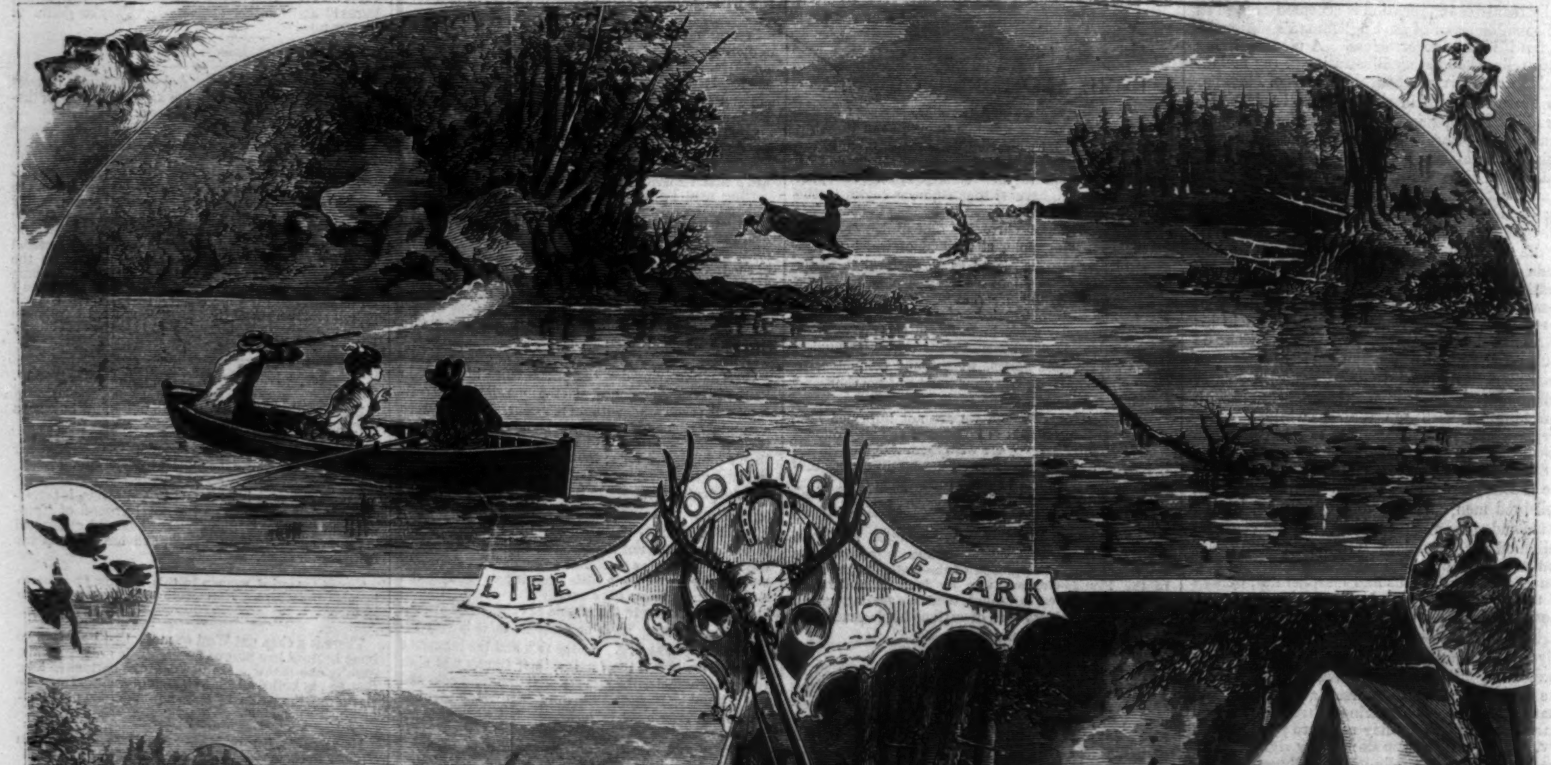


THE PIGEON POST.

THE PIGEON POST.

In ancient times the dispatch borne by the carrier pigeon was necessarily brief, as the lightest weight was an impediment to the creature's flight. Now, however, the camera and the microscope have been brought into play, and the French government have lately informed us that no less than 3500 dispatches of twenty words each, in all 70,000 words, can now be carried by one of these messengers. Readers are familiar with those microscopic photographs of the Lord's Prayer or the Ten Commandments, which, though appearing to the naked eye as the merest atom of dust, are nevertheless perfectly plain and legible under a good lens. A page of the London *Times* has been compressed into the space of an eighth of an inch.

A regular line of post pigeons has been established between Tours and Paris, the birds being brought from the capital by the balloons. Any one can now send a letter of twenty words to Paris on payment of fifty centimes per word. All he has to do is to send his message to the Tours postal authorities, who will take all due care that it be expedited, though its safe arrival may be endangered by the legion of hawks which the Prussians at Versailles are reported to have


LIFE IN BLOOMING GROVE PARK

BLOOMING GROVE PARK—THE AMERICAN FONTAINEBLEAU.—[SEE PAGE 815.]

procured to pursue and capture these ornithological postmen. The pigeon, however, is said to fly far quicker than the hawk, and thus will be able to elude his antagonist's vigilance.

Several means of attaching the letter to the pigeon have been tried. Sometimes it was tied round the bird's neck, at other times under its wing; neither of these, however, was found efficacious, as the string was apt to break; and the message was usually wrapped round the leg and secured with a piece of silk. Now a still better method is used, which indeed forms the subject of the engravings on page 820. The letter is rolled up and fastened to the middle feather of the tail—that which remains perfectly stationary when its fellows spread out or close up. The feathers are also stamped with the number of the bird, and the place of departure, as shown in the second sketch.

WAITING FOR RATION TICKETS.

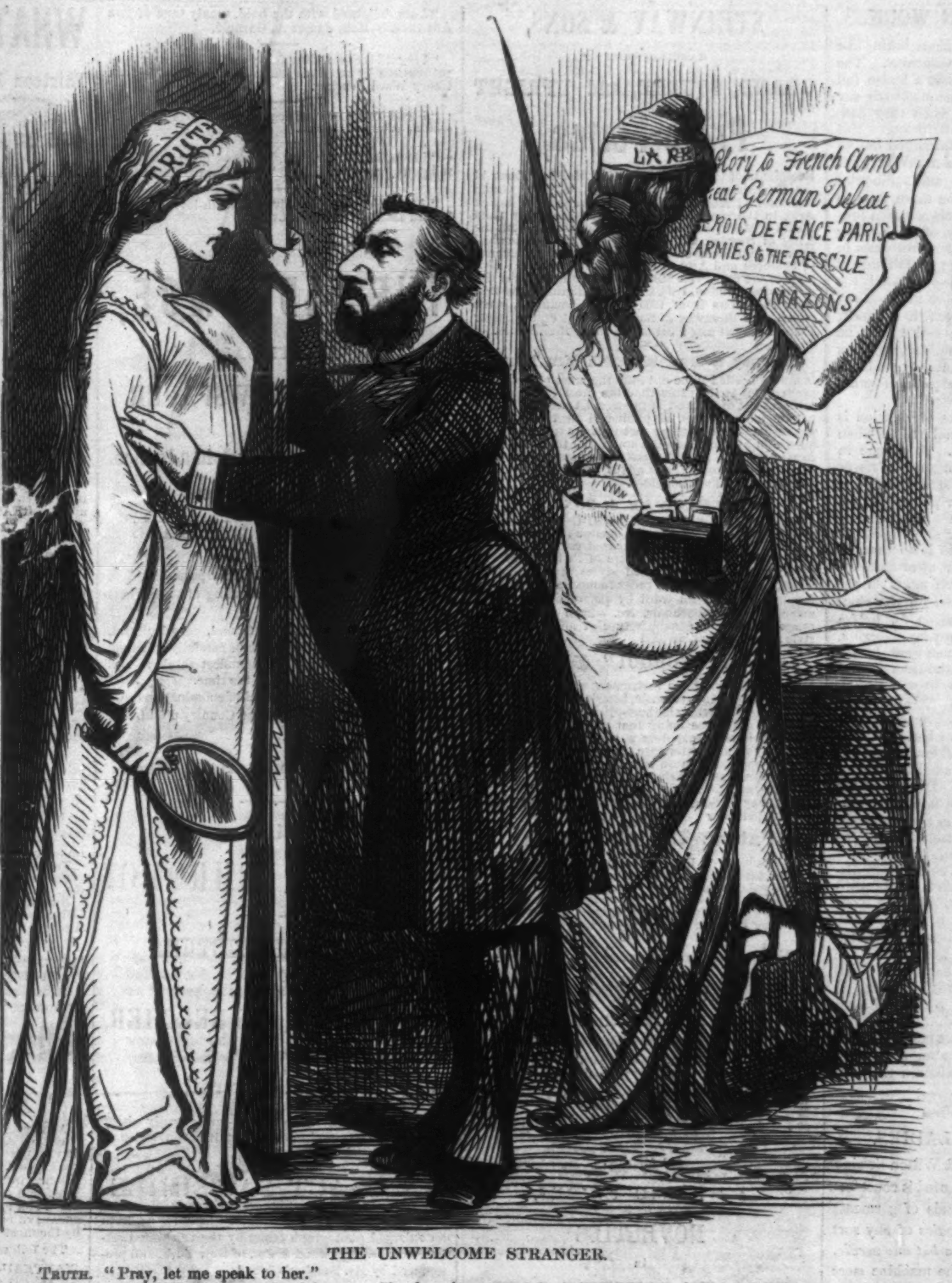
THE lower engraving on this page presents a scene now of daily occurrence in the once gay capital of France—a crowd of people waiting to procure ration tickets, without which no food can be obtained. Each resident was, at latest advices, allowed five ounces of meat every three days; and in order to insure even this limited supply he must wait sometimes several hours in front of the shop for his turn to be served.

RUSSIAN BALTIC TOWNS.

IF, as some people fancy, the next enterprise on which Germany, in furtherance of the idea of completing her national unity, is likely to embark be the annexation of the Baltic provinces of Russia, the natives of which are of Teutonic origin, the towns of Finland and Esthonia will probably come into still greater prominence even than they did during the Crimean war; and the fortifications of Revel and Sweaborg (the citadel of Helsingfors) may yet be destined to play a part as signal as that which has now rendered Strasburg and Metz famous.

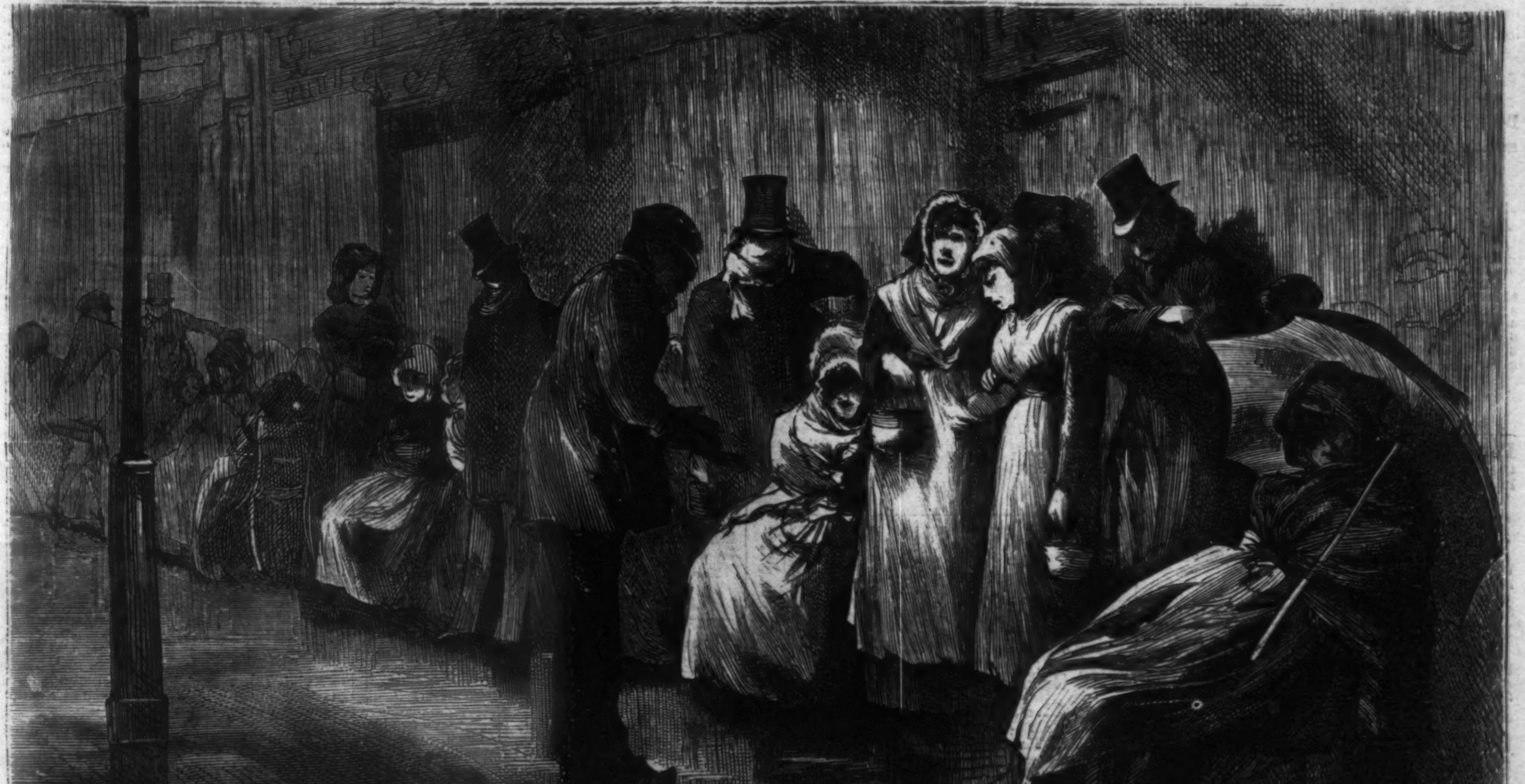
Revel, the capital of Esthonia, and situated on a small bay in the Gulf of Finland, 200 miles southwest of St. Petersburg, is a strongly fortified sea-port town. The harbor is excellent, and well defended by batteries. The town is, for the most part, irregularly built. The town proper, which is inclosed by walls, is called the Domberg. Within the walls are two suburbs. The streets are narrow and dark. It contains a cathedral and several churches, a government house, the residence of the governor, an admiralty, a town-hall; a gymnasium, founded by Gustavus Adolphus, of Sweden; a theatre, a public library, a military academy, and several schools, hospitals, and charitable institutions. It is much frequented as a watering-place. Manufactures—cotton goods, leather, hosiery, pins and needles, earthen-ware, and gunpowder. The town also possesses a cannon foundry, and a large trade in corn, hemp, flax, hides, and timber. Population, 28,000. Latitude, 59° 26′ N.; longitude, 24° 45′ E. This town was founded by Valdemar II., King of Denmark, in 1218, and afterward sold to the Teutonic knights. In 1710 it was taken from Sweden by the Russians, who destroyed its roadstead in 1854, by sinking large blocks of stone to prevent the entrance of the Anglo-French fleet while blockading the Russian ports in the Baltic during the same year. It was at one time the great emporium of the Hanseatic League for the trade with Novgorod.

Helsingfors, the sea-port capital of Finland, stands on a peninsula in the gulf of that name, about 100 miles northwest of St. Petersburg. It has a good harbor, in which line-of-battle ships can lie, and it is defended by the almost impregnable citadel and fortifications of Sweaborg, which stand on a number of rocky islands at the entrance of the harbor. The town is regularly built, and possesses a university, transferred from Abo in 1827, a library of 80,000 volumes, also brought from Abo; a museum, observatory, state-house, churches, and botanical gardens. Manufactures—sail-cloth and linen; and a trade is carried on in corn and timber. Population, 21,698. Latitude, 60° 11′ N.; longitude, 24° 57′ E. This town was founded by Gustavus I., of Sweden, and was burned in 1741, during the war between Sweden and Russia. In 1855 Sweaborg was bombarded for two days by the allied English and French fleets, when considerable damage was done to the interior defenses of the place. It is surmised that some arrangement has been made between Prussia and Russia by which these ports may be transferred to the former power, in return for aid in regard to the Czar's pretensions in the Black Sea.



THE UNWELCOME STRANGER.

TRUTH. "Pray, let me speak to her."
M. G-MB-TTA. "No, no, no—certainly not. She doesn't care to see you; and—in fact—you annoy us very much."



PARISIANS WAITING TO PROCURE RATION TICKETS.

UNCONSCIOUS BRAIN WORK.

As a general rule, the unconscious brain, like an *enfant terrible*, is extremely veracious. The "Palace of Truth" is nothing but a house full of absent-minded people who unconsciously say what they think of each other, when they consciously intend to be extremely flattering. But it also sometimes happens that falsehood has so far become second nature that a man's very interjections, unconscious answers, and soliloquies may all be lies. Nothing can be more false to nature than the dramas and novels wherein profound scoundrels, in the privacy of an evening walk beside a hedge, unveil their secret plots in an address to fate or the moon; or fall into a well-timed brain-fever, and babble out exactly the truth which the reader needs to be told. Your real villain never tells truth even to himself, much less to fate or the moon; and it is to be doubted whether even in delirium his unconscious cerebration would not run in the accustomed ruts of fable rather than the unwonted paths of veracity.

Another failure of unconscious cerebration is seen in the continuance of habitual actions when the motive for them has ceased. A change in attire, altering the position of our pockets, never fails to cause us a dozen fruitless struggles to find our handkerchief or replace our purse. In returning to an old abode we are sure sooner or later to blunder into our former sleeping-room, and to be much startled to find in it another occupant. It happened to me once, after an interval of eight years, to find myself again in the chamber, at the table, and seated on the chair where my little studies had gone on for half a lifetime. I had business to occupy my thoughts, and was soon (so far as consciousness went) buried in my task of writing. But all the time while I wrote my feet moved restlessly in a most unaccustomed way under the table. "What is the matter with me?" I paused at last to ask myself, and then remembered that when I had written at this table in long-past days, I had had a stool under it. It was that particular stool my unconscious cerebration was seeking. During all the interval I had perhaps not once used a similar support; but the moment I sat in the same spot the trifling habit vindicated itself afresh, the brain acted on its old impression.

Of course it is as easy as it is common to dismiss all such fantastic tricks with a single word "habit." But the word "habit," like the word "law," has no positive sense as if it were itself an originating cause. It implies a persistent mode of action, but affords no clew to the force which initiates and maintains that action. All that we can say, in the case of the phenomena of unconscious cerebration, is that when volitional actions have been often repeated, they sink into the class of voluntary ones, and are performed unconsciously. We may define the moment when a habit is established as that wherein the volitional act becomes voluntary.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.

"I purchased my Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine in May, 1858, and have used it constantly ever since in making all kinds of garments worn in the family, with *no repairs* of any sort whatever. *I have never broken but one needle*, and that not until I had used the machine *more than seven years*, and the eleven needles remaining of the original dozen are all in good working order. I can not see why my machine will not last ten years longer without repairs."

Mrs. C. A. Rogers.

To cure a Cough, Cold, or Sore Throat, use Brown's Bronchial Troches.—[*Com.*]

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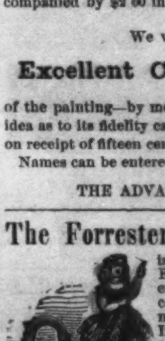

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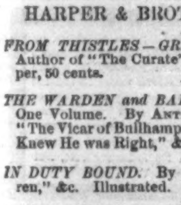

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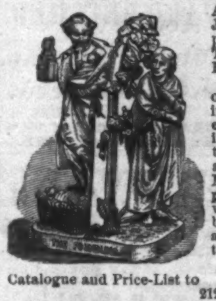

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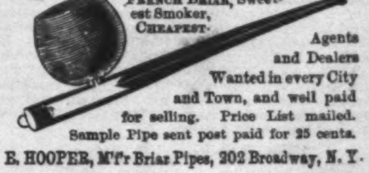

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